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American Poetry.

Shakspeare Ode.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

God of the glorious Lyre!
Whose notes of old on lofty Pindus rang,
While Jove's exulting choir
Caught the glad echoes and responsive sang—
Come! bless the service and the shrine
We consecrate to thee and thine.

Fierce from the frozen north,
When Havoc led his legions forth,
O'er Learning's sunny groves the dark destroyer spread:
In dust the sacred statue slept,
Fair Science round her altars wept,
And Wisdom cowled his head.

At length, Olympian lord of morn,
The raven veil of night was torn,
When, through golden clouds descending,
Thou didst hold thy radiant flight,
O'er Nature's lovely pageant bending,
Till Avon rolled, all sparkling, to thy sight!

There, on its bank, beneath the mulberry's shade,
Wrapped in young dreams, a wild-eyed minstrel strayed.
Lighting there and lingering long,
Thou didst teach the bard his song;
Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell,
And round his brows a garland curled;
On his lips thy spirit fell,
And bade him wake and warm the world!

Then Shakspeare rose!
Across the trembling strings
His daring hand he flings,
And lo! a new creation glows!
There, clustering round, submissive to his will,
Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.

Madness, with his frightful scream,
Vengeance, leaning on his lance,
Avarice, with his blade and beam,
Hatred, blasting with a glance;
Remorse, that weeps, and Rage, that roars,
And Jealousy, that dotes, but dooms, and murders, yet adores.

Mirth, his face with sun beams lit,
Waking laughter's merry swell,
Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,
That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.

Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream,
Kissed by the virgin moon's cold beam,
Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,
And, swan like, there her own dirge breathes,
Then, broken hearted, sinks to rest,
Beneath the bubbling wave, that shrouds her maniac breast.

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,
Now drooping o'er the hallowed tomb
Where his plighted victims lie—
Where they met, but met to die:
And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,
Through the dewy arbor peeping,
Where Beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,
To Youth's devoted tale is listening,
Rapture on her dark lash glistening,
While fairies leave their cowslip cells and guard the happy spot.

Thus rise the phantom throng,
Obedient to their Master's song,
And lead in willing chain the wondering soul along.
For other worlds war's Great One sighed in vain—
O'er other worlds see Shakspeare rove and reign!
The rapt magician of his own wild lay,
Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey.
Old Ocean trembles, Thunder cracks the skies,
Air teems with shapes, and tell tale spectres rise:
Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies keep,
And faithless Guilt unseals the lip of Sleep:
Time yields his trophies up, and Death restores
The mouldered victims of his voiceless shores.
The fire side legend and the faded page,
The crime that cursed, the deed that blessed an age,
All, all come forth—the good to charm and cheer,
To scourge bold Vice, and start the generous tear;
With pictured Folly gazing fools to shame,
And guide young Glory's foot along the path of fame.

Lo! hand in hand,
Hell's juggling sisters stand,
To greet their victim from the fight;
Grouped on the blasted heath,
They tempt him to the work of death,
Then melt in air and mock his wondering sight.
In midnight's hallowed hour
He seeks the fatal tower,
Where the lone raven, perched on high,
Pours to the sullen gale
Her hoarse prophetic wail,
And croaks the dreadful moment nigh.
See, by the phantom dagger led,
Pale, guilty thing,
Slowly he steals with silent tread,
And grasps his coward steel to smite his sleeping king!
Hark! 'tis the signal bell,
Struck by that bold and unwomaned one
Whose milk is gall, whose heart is stone;
His ear hath caught the knell—
'Tis done! 'tis done!
Behold him from the chamber rushing,
Where the dead monarch's blood is gushing:
Look, where he trembling stands,
Sad gazing there,
Life's smoking crimson on his hands,
And in his fevered heart the worm of wild despair.

Mark the sceptred traitor slumbering!
There flit the slaves of conscience round,
With boding tongues foul murderers numbering;
Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.
In his dream of blood for mercy quaking,
At his own dull scream behold him waking!
Soon that dream to fate shall turn,
For him the living furies burn;
For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak,
And chides the lagging night, and whets her hungry beak.
Hark! the trumpet's warning breath
Echoes round the vale of death.
Unhorsed, unhelmed, disdaining shield,
The panting tyrant scours the field.
Vengeance! he meets thy dooming blade!
The scourge of earth, the scorn of heaven
He falls! unwept and unforgiven,
And all his guilty glories fade.
Like a crushed reptile in the dust he lies,
And Hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes!

Behold yon crownless king—
Yon white locked, weeping sire—
Where heaven's unpillared chambers ring,
And burst their streams of flood and fire!
He gave them all—the daughters of his love:
That recreant pair! they drive them forth to rove;
In such a night of woe,
The cubless regent of the wood
Forgets to bathe her fangs in blood,
And caverns with her foe!
Yet one was ever kind:
Why lingers she behind?
Oh pity!—view him by her dead form kneeling,
Even in wild phrenzy holy nature feeling.
His aching eye balls strain
To see those curtained orbs unfold,
That beauteous bosom heave again;
But all is dark and cold.
In agony the father shakes;
Grief's choking note
Swells in his throat,
Each withered heart string tugs and breaks!
Round her pale neck his dying arms he wreathes,
And on her marble lips his last, his death kiss breathes.

Down! trembling wing—shall insect weakness keep
The sun defying eagle's sweep?
A mortal strike celestial strings,
And feebly echo what a seraph sings?
Who now shall grace the glowing throne,
Where, all unrivalled, all alone,
Bold Shakspeare sat, and looked creation through,
The minstrel monarch of the worlds he drew?

That throne is cold—that lyre in death unstrung,
On whose proud note delighted Wonder hung.
Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he sweeps,
One spot shall spare—the grave where Shakspeare sleeps.
Rulers and ruled in common gloom may lie,
But Nature's laureate bards shall never die.
Art's chiselled boast and Glory's trophied shore
Must live in numbers, or can live no more.
While sculptured Jove some nameless waste may claim,
Still roars the Olympic car in Pindar's fame:
Troy's doubtful walls, in ashes passed away,
Yet frown on Greece in Homer's deathless lay;
Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling fanes,
Stands all immortal in her Maro's strains;
So, too, yon giant empress of the isles,
On whose broad sway the sun for ever smiles,
To Time's unsparing rage one day must bend,
And all her triumphs in her Shakspeare end!

O thou! to whose creative power
We dedicate the festal hour,
While Grace and Goodness round the altar stand,
Learning's anointed train, and Beauty's rose-lipped band—
Realms yet unborn, in accents now unknown,
Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their own.
Deep in the West, as Independence roves,
His banners planting round the land he loves,
Where Nature sleeps in Eden's infant grace,
In time a full host shall spring a glorious race.
Thy name, thy verse, thy language shall they bear,
And deck for thee the vaulted temple there.
Our Roman hearted fathers broke
Thy parent empire's galling yoke;
But thou, harmonious monarch of the mind,
Around their sons a gentler chain shall bind;
Still o'er our land shall Albion's sceptre wave,
And what her mighty Lion lost, her mightier Swan shall save.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

Master Humphrey's Visitor.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When I am in a thoughtful mood, I often succeed in diverting the current of some mournful reflections, by conjuring up a number of fanciful associations with the objects that surround me, and dwelling upon the scenes and characters they suggest.

I have been led by this habit to assign to every room in my house and every old staring portrait on its walls, a separate interest of its own. Thus, I am persuaded that a stately dame, terrible to behold in her rigid modesty, who hangs above the chimney-piece of my bed-room, is the former lady of the mansion. In the court-yard below, is a stone face of surpassing ugliness, which I have somehow—in a kind of jealousy, I am afraid—associated with her husband. Above my study, is a little room with ivy peeping through the lattice, from which I bring their daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen or nineteen years of age and dutiful in all respects save one, that one being her devoted attachment to a young gentleman on the stairs, whose grandmother (degraded to a disused laundry in the garden) piques herself upon an old family quarrel and is the implacable enemy of their love. With such materials as these, I work out many a little drama, whose chief merit is, that I can bring it to a happy end at will; I have so many of them on hand, that if on my return home one of these evenings I were to find some bluff old wight of two centuries ago comfortably seated in my easy chair, and a love lorn damsel vainly appealing to his obdurate heart and leaning her white arm upon my clock itself, I verily believe I should only express my surprise that they had kept me waiting so long, and never honored me with a call before.

I was, in such a mood as this, sitting in my garden yesterday morning under the shade of a favorite tree, reveling in all the bloom and brightness above me, and feeling every sense of hope and enjoyment quickened by this most beautiful season of spring, when my meditations were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of my barber at the end of the walk, who I immediately saw was coming toward me with a hasty step that betokened something remarkable.

My barber is at all times a very brisk, bustling, active little man—for he is, as it were, chubby all over, without being stout or unwieldy—but yesterday his alacrity was so very uncommon that it quite took me by surprise. Nor could I fail to observe, when he came up to me, that his grey eyes were twinkling in a most extraordinary manner, that his little red nose was in an unusual glow, that every line in his round bright face was twisted and curved into an expression of pleased surprise, and that his whole countenance was radiant with glee. I was still more surprised to see my housekeeper, who usually preserves a very staid air, and stands somewhat upon her dignity, peeping round the hedge at the bottom of the walk, and exchanging nods and smiles with the barber, who twice or thrice looked over his shoulder for that purpose. I could conceive no announcement to which these appearances could be the prelude, unless it were that they had married each other that morning.

I was, consequently, a little disappointed when it only came out that there was a gentleman in the house who wished to speak with me.

"And who is it?" said I.

The barber, with his face screwed up still tighter than before, replied that the gentleman would not send his name, but wished to see me. I pondered for a moment, wondering who this visiter might be, and I remarked that he embraced the opportunity of exchanging another nod with the housekeeper, who still lingered in the distance.

"Well!" said I, "bid the gentleman come here."

This seemed to be the consummation of the barber's hopes, for he turned sharp round, and actually ran away.

Now, my sight is not very good at a distance, and, therefore, when the gentleman first appeared in the walk, I was not quite clear whether he was a stranger to me or otherwise. He was an elderly gentleman, but came tripping along in the pleasantest manner conceivable, avoiding the garden-roller and the borders of the beds with inimitable dexterity, picking his way among the flower-pots, and smiling with unspeakable good humor. Before he was half-way up the walk he began to salute me; then I thought I knew him; but when he came toward me with his hat in his hand, the sun shining on his bald head, his blind face, his bright spectacles, his fawn-colored tights, and his black gaiters—then my heart warmed toward him, and I felt quite certain that it was Mr. Pickwick.

"My dear sir," said that gentleman as I rose to receive him, "pray be seated. Pray sit down. Now, do not stand on my account. I must insist upon it, really." With these words Mr. Pickwick gently pressed me down into my seat, and taking my hand in his shook it again and again with a warmth of manner perfectly irresistible. I endeavored to express in my welcome, something of that heartiness and pleasure which the sight of him awakened and made him sit down beside me. All this time he kept alternately releasing my hand, and grasping it again, and surveying me through his spectacles with such a beaming countenance as I never beheld.

"You knew me directly!" said Mr. Pickwick. "What a pleasure it is to think that you knew me directly!"

I remarked that I had read his adventures very often, and that his features were quite familiar to me from the published portraits. As I thought it a good opportunity of adverting to the circumstance, I condoled with him upon the various libels on his character which had found their way into print. Mr. Pickwick shook his head, and for a moment looked very indignant, but smiling again directly, added that no doubt I was acquainted with Cervantes' introduction to the second part of Don Quixote, and that it fully expressed his sentiments on the subject.

"But, now," said Mr. Pickwick, "do n't you wonder how I found you out?"

"I will never wonder, and with your good leave, never know," said I, smiling in my turn. "It is enough for me that you give me this gratification. I have not the least desire that you should tell me by what means I have obtained it."

"You are very kind," returned Mr. Pickwick, shaking me by the hand again, "you are exactly what I expected! But for what particular purpose do you think I have sought you out my dear sir? Now, what *do* you think I come for?"

Mr. Pickwick put this question as though he were persuaded that it was morally impossible that I could by any means divine the deep purpose of his visit, and that it must be hidden from all human ken. Therefore, although I was rejoiced to think that I anticipated his drift, I feigned to be ignorant of it, and after a brief consideration shook my head despairingly.

"What should you say," said Mr. Pickwick, laying the forefinger of his left hand upon my coat-sleeve, and looking at me with his head thrown back, and a little on one side, "what should you say if I confessed that after reading your account of yourself and your little society, I had come here, a humble candidate for one of those empty chairs?"

"I should say," I returned, "that I know of only one circumstance which could still farther endear that little society to me, and that would be the associating with it my old friend—for you must let me call you so—my old friend, Mr. Pickwick."

As I made him this answer, every feature of Mr. Pickwick's face used itself in one all-pervading expression of delight.—After shaking me heartily by both hands, at once, he patted me gently on the back, and then—I well understood why—colored up to the eyes, and hoped with great earnestness of manner that he had not hurt me.

If he had, I would have been content that he should have repeated the offence a hundred times rather than suppose so, but as he had not, I had no difficulty in changing the subject by making an enquiry which had been upon my lips twenty times already.

"You have not told me," said I, "anything about Sam Weller."

"Oh! Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "is the same as ever;—the same true faithful fellow that he ever was. What should I tell you about Sam, my dear sir, except that he is more indispensable to my happiness and comfort every day of my life?"

"And Mr. Weller, senior?" said I.

"Old Mr. Weller," returned Mr. Pickwick, "is in no respect more altered than Sam, unless it is that he be a little more opinionated than he was formerly, and perhaps at times more talkative. He spends a good deal of his time now in our neighborhood, and has so constituted himself a part of my body-guard, that when I ask permission for Sam to have a seat in your kitchen on clock-nights (supposing your three friends think me worthy to fill one of the chairs) I am afraid I must often include Mr. Weller too."

I very readily pledged myself to give both Sam and his father a free admission to my house at all hours and seasons, and this point settled, we fell into a lengthy conversation which was carried on with as little reserve on both sides as if we had been intimate friends from our youth, and which conveyed to me the comfortable assurance that Mr. Pickwick's buoyancy of spirit, and indeed all his old cheerful characteristics were wholly unimpaired. As he had spoken of the consent of my friends as being yet in abeyance, I repeatedly assured him that his proposal was certain to receive their most joyful sanction, and several times entreated that he would give me leave to introduce him to Jack Redburn and Mr. Miles (who were near at hand) without further ceremony.

To this proposal, however, Mr. Pickwick's delicacy would by no means allow him to accede, for he urged that his eligibility must be formally discussed, and until this had been done, he could not think of obtruding himself farther. The utmost I could obtain from him was a promise that he would attend upon our next night of meeting, that I might have the pleasure of presenting him immediately on his election.

Mr. Pickwick having with many blushes placed in my hands a small roll of paper, which he termed his "qualification," put a great many questions to me touching my friends and particularly Jack Redburn, whom he repeatedly termed "a fine fellow," and in whose favor I could see he was strongly predisposed. When I had satisfied him on these points, I took him into my room that he might make acquaintance with the old chamber which is our place of meeting.

"And this" said Mr. Pickwick, stopping short, "is the clock! Dear me! And this is really the old clock!"

I thought he would never have come away from it. After advancing to it softly, and laying his hand upon it with as much respect and as many smiling looks as if it were alive, he set himself to consider it in every possible direction, now mounting on a chair to look at the top, now going down upon his knees to examine the bottom, now surveying the sides with his spectacles almost touching the case, and now trying to peep between it and the wall to get a slight view of the back. Then, he would retire a pace or two and look up at the dial to see it go, and then draw near again and stand with his head on one side to hear it tick—never failing to glance toward me at intervals of a few seconds each, and nod his head with such complacent gratification as I am quite unable to describe. His admiration was not confined to the clock either, but extended itself to every article in the room, and really, when he had gone through them every one, and at last sat himself down in all the six chairs one after another, to try how they felt, I never saw such a picture of good humor and happiness as he presented, from the top of his shining head down to the very bottom of his gaiters.

I should have been well pleased, and should have had the utmost enjoyment of his company, if he had remained with me all day, but my favorite, striking the hour reminded him that he must take his leave. I could not forbear telling him once more how glad he had made me, and we shook hands all the way down stairs.

We had no sooner arrived in the hall than my housekeeper, gliding out of her little room (she had changed her gown and cap I observed) greeted Mr. Pickwick with her best smile and curtsey, and the barber, feigning to be accidentally passing his way out, made him a vast number of bows. When the house-keeper curtseyed, Mr. Pickwick bowed with the utmost politeness, and when he bowed the housekeeper curtseyed again. Between the housekeeper and the barber, I should say that Mr. Pickwick faced about and bowed with undiminished affability, fifty times at least.

I saw him to the door; an omnibus was at that moment passing the corner of the lane, which Mr. Pickwick hailed and ran after with extraordinary nimbleness. When he had got about half way he turned his head, and seeing that I was still looking after him and that I waved my hand, stopped, evidently irresolute whether to come back and shake hands again, or to go on. The man behind the omnibus shouted, and Mr. Pickwick ran toward him, then looked round at me and ran a little way back again. Then there was another shout, and he turned round once more and ran the other way. After several of these vibrations, the man settled the question by taking Mr. Pickwick by the arm and putting him into the carriage, but his last action was to let down the window and wave his hat to me as it drove off.

I lost no time in opening the parcel he had left me. The following were its contents:—

Mr. Pickwick's Tale.

A good many years have passed away since old John Podgers lived in the town of Windsor, where he was born, and where in the course of time he came to be comfortably and snugly buried. —You may be sure that in the time of King James the First, Windsor was a very quiet queer old town, and you may take it upon my authority that John Podgers was a very quaint, queer old fellow: consequently he and Windsor fitted each other to a nicety, and seldom parted company even for half a day.

John Podgers was broad, sturdy, Dutch-built, short, and a very hard eater, as men of his figure often are. Being a hard sleeper likewise, he divided his time pretty equally between these two recreations, always falling asleep when he had done eating, and always taking another turn at the trencher when he had done sleeping, by which means he grew more corpulent and more drowsy every day of his life. Indeed, it used to be currently reported that when he sauntered up and down the sunny side of the street before dinner, (as he never failed to do in fair weather,) he enjoyed his soundest nap; but many people held this to be a fiction, as he had several times been seen to look after fat oxen on market days, and had even been heard by persons of good credit and reputation to chuckle at the sight, and say to himself with great glee, "Live beef, live beef!" It was upon this evidence that the wisest people in Windsor (beginning with the local authorities of course) held that John Podgers was a man of strong, sound sense—not what is called smart, perhaps, and it might be of a rather lazy and apopletic turn, but still a man of solid parts, and one who meant much more than he cared to show.—This impression was confirmed by a very dignified way he had of shaking his head, and imparting at the same a pendulous motion to his double chin; in short, he passed for one of those people who, being plunged into the Thames, would make no vain efforts to set it a fire, but would straightway flop down to the bottom with a deal of gravity, and be highly respected in consequence by all good men.

Being well to do in the world, and a peaceful widower—having a great appetite, which, as he could afford to gratify it, was a luxury and no inconvenience, and a power of going to sleep, which, as he had no occasion to keep awake, was a most enviable faculty—you will readily suppose that John Podgers was a happy man. But appearances are often deceptive when they least seem so, and the truth is that notwithstanding his extreme slickness, he was rendered uneasy in his mind and exceedingly uncomfortable by a constant apprehension that beset him night and day.

You know very well that in those times there flourished divers evil old women who, under the name of witches, spread great disorder through the land, and inflicted various dismal tortures upon Christian men—sticking pins and needles into them when they least expected it, and causing them to walk in the air with their feet upward, to the great terror of their wives and families, who were naturally very much disconcerted when the master of the house unexpectedly came home, knocking at the door with his heels, and combing his hair on the scraper. These were their commonest pranks, but they every day played a hundred others, of which none were less objectionable, and many were much more so, being improper beside; the result was that vengeance was denounced against all old women, with whom even the King himself had no sympathy, (as he certainly ought to have had,) for with his own most Gracious hand he penned a most Gracious consignment of them to everlasting wrath, and devised most Gracious means for their confusion and slaughter, in virtue whereof scarcely a day passed but one witch at the least was most Graciously hanged, drowned, or roasted, in some part of his dominions. Still the press teemed with strange and terrible news from the North, or the South, or the East, or the West, relative to witches and their unhappy victims in some corner of the country, and the public's hair stood on end to that degree that it lifted its hat off its head, and made its face pale with terror.

You may believe that the little town of Windsor did not escape the general contagion. The inhabitants boiled a witch on the King's birthday and sent a bottle of the broth to court, with a dutiful address expressive of their loyalty. The King being rather frightened by the present, piously bestowed it upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, and returned an answer to the address wherein he gave them golden rules for discovering witches, and laid great stress upon certain protecting charms, and especially horse-shoes.—Immediately the towns-people went to work nailing up horse-shoes over every door and so many anxious parents apprenticed their children to farriers, to keep them out of harm's way, that it became quite a genteel trade and flourished exceedingly.

In the midst of all this bustle John Podgers ate and slept as usual but shook his head a great deal oftener than was his custom, and was observed to look at the oxen less, and at the old women more. He had a little shelf put up in his sitting-room, whereon was displayed in a row which grew longer every week all the witchcraft literature of the time; he grew learned in charms and exorcisms, hinted at certain questionable females on broomsticks whom he had seen from his chamber window riding in the air at night, and was in constant terror of being bewitched. At length from perpetually dwelling upon this one idea which being alone in his head had it all its own way, the fear of witches became the single passion of his life. He, who up to that time had never known what it was to dream, began to have visions of witches whenever he fell asleep; waking, they were incessantly present to his imagination likewise; and sleeping or waking he had not a moment's peace. He began to set witch-traps in the highway, and was often seen lying in wait round the corner for hours together to watch their effect. These engines were of simple construction, usually consisting of two straws disposed in the form of a cross, or a piece of a bible-cover with a pinch of salt upon it, but they were infallible, and if an old woman chanced to stumble over them (as not unfrequently happened the chosen spot being a broken and stony place) John started from a doze, pounced out upon her, and hung round her neck till assistance arrived, when she was immediately carried away and drowned. By dint of constantly inveigling old ladies and disposing of them in this summary manner, he acquired the reputation of a great public character, and as he received no harm in these pursuits beyond a scratched face or so, he came in course of time to be considered witch-proof.

There was but one person who entertained the least doubt of John Podger's gifts, and that person was his own nephew, a wild, roving young fellow, who had been brought up in his uncle's house and lived there still—that is to say when he was at home, which was not as often as it might have been. As he was an apt scholar, it was he who read aloud every fresh piece of strange and terrible intelligence that John Podgers bought; and this he always did of an evening in the little porch in front of the house, round which the neighbors would flock in crowds to hear the direful news—for people like to be frightened, and when they can be frightened for nothing and at another man's expense, they like it all the better.

One fine midsummer evening, a group of persons were gathered in this place listening intently to Will Marks (that was the nephew's name) as with his cap very much on one side, his arms coiled slily round the waist of a pretty girl who sat beside him, and his face screwed into a comical expression intended to represent extreme gravity, he read—with Heaven knows how many embellishments of his own—a dismal account of a gentleman down in Northamptonshire under the influence of witchcraft and taken forcible possession of by the devil, who was playing his very self with him. John Podgers in a high sugar-loaf hat and short cloak, filled the opposite seat and surveyed the auditory with a look of mingled pride and horror very eddifying to see, while the hearers with their heads thrust forward and their mouths open, listened and trembled, and hoped there was a great deal more to come. Sometimes Will stopped for an instant to look round upon his eager audience, and then with a more comical expression of face than before and a settling of himself comfortably, which included a squeeze of the young lady before mentioned, he launched into some new wonder surpassing all the others.

The setting sun shed his last golden rays upon this little party who, absorbed in their present occupation, took no heed of the approach of night, or the glory in which the day went down, when the sound of a horse approaching at a good round trot, invading the silence of the hour, caused the reader to make a sudden stop and the listeners to raise their heads in wonder. Nor was their wonder diminished when a horseman dashed up to the porch, and abruptly checking his steed, inquired where one John Podgers dwelt.

"Here," cried a dozen voices, while a dozen hands pointed out sturdy John, still basking in the terrors of the pamphlet.

The rider giving his bridle to one of those who surrounded him, dismounted, and approached John hat in hand, but with great haste.

"Whence come ye?" said John.

"From Kingston, Master."

"And wherefore?"

"On most pressing business."

"Of what nature?"

"Witchcraft."

Witchcraft! Every body looked aghast at the breathless messenger, and the breathless messenger looked equally aghast at every body—except Will Marks, who finding himself unobserved, not only squeezed the young lady again, but kissed her twice. Surely he must have been bewitched himself, or he never could have done it—and the young lady too, or she never would have let him.

"Witchcraft!" cried Will, drowning the sound of his last kiss, which was rather a loud one.

The messenger turned toward him, and with a frown repeated the word more solemnly than before, then told his errand, which was, in brief, that the people of Kingston had been greatly terrified for some nights past with hideous revels, held by witches beneath the gibbet within a mile of the town, and related and deposed to by chance wayfarers who had passed within ear-shot of the spot—that the sound of their voices in their wild orgies had been plainly heard by many persons—that three old women labored under strong suspicion, and that precedents had been consulted and solemn council had, and it was found that to identify the hags some single person must watch upon the spot alone—that no single person had the courage to perform the task—and that he had been despatched express to solicit John Podgers to undertake it that very night, as being a man of great renown, who bore a charmed life, and was proof against unholy spells.

John received this communication with much composure, and said in a few words, that it would have afforded him inexpressible pleasure to do the Kingston people so slight a service, if it were not for his unfortunate propensity to fall asleep, which no man regretted more than himself upon the present occasion, but which quite settled the question. Nevertheless, he said, there was a gentleman present (and here he looked very hard at a tall farrier) who having been engaged all his life in the manufacture of horse-shoes must be quite invulnerable to the power of witches, and who, he had no doubt, from his known reputation for bravery and good nature, would readily accept the commission. The farrier politely thanked him for his good opinion, which it would always be his study to deserve, but added that with regard to the present little matter he could 'nt think of it on any account, as his departing on such an errand would certainly occasion the instant death of his wife, to whom, as they all knew, he was tenderly attached. Now, so far from this circumstance being notorious, every body had suspected the reverse, as the farrier was in the habit of beating his lady rather more than tender husbands usually do; all the married men present, however, applauded his resolution with great vehemence, and one and all declared that they would stop at home and die if needed (which happily it was not) in defence of their lawful partners.

This burst of enthusiasm over, they began to look as by one consent toward Will Marks, who with his cap more on one side than ever, sat watching the proceedings with extraordinary unconcern. He had never been heard openly to express his disbelief in witches, but had often cut such jokes at their expense as left it to be inferred, publicly stating on several occasions that he considered a broomstick an inconvenient charger and one especially unsuited to the dignity of the female character, and indulging in other free remarks of the same tendency, to the great amusement of his wild companions.

As they looked at Will, they began to whisper and murmur among themselves, and at length one man cried, "Why don't you ask Will Marks?"

As this is what every body had been thinking of, they all took up the word, and cried in concert, "Ah! why don't you ask Will?"

"*He* don't care," said the farrier.

"Not he," added another voice in the crowd.

"He don't believe in it, you know," sneered a little man with a yellow face, and a taunting nose and chin, which he thrust out from under the arm of a long man before him.

"Besides," said a red-faced gentleman with a gruff voice, "he's a single man."

"That's the point!" said the farrier, and all the married men murmured, ah! that was it, and they only wished they were single themselves; they would show him what spirit was, very soon.

The messenger looked toward Will Marks beseechingly.

"It will be a wet night, friend, and my gray nag is tired after yesterday's work—"

Here there was a general titter.

"But," resumed Will, looking about him with a smile, "if nobody else puts in a better claim for the credit of the town, I am your man, and I would be if I had to go afoot. In five minutes I shall be in the saddle, unless I am depriving any worthy gentleman here of the honor of the adventure, which I wouldn't do for all the world."

But here arose a double difficulty, for not only did John Podgers combat the resolution with all the words he had, which were not many, but the young lady combatted it too with all the tears she had, which were very many indeed. Will, however, being inflexible, parried his uncle's objections, with a joke, and coaxed the young lady into a smile in three short whispers. As it was plain that he would go and had set his mind upon it, John Podgers offered him a few first-rate charms out of his own pocket which he dutifully declined to accept, and the young lady gave him a kiss which he also returned.

"You see what a rare thing it is to be married," said Will, "and how careful and considerate all these husbands are. There's not a man among them but his heart is leaping to forestall me in this adventure, and yet a strong sense of duty keeps him back. The husbands in this one little town are a pattern to the world, and so must the wives be too, for that matter, or they could not boast half the influence they have."

Waiting for no reply to this sarcasm, he snapped his fingers and withdrew into the house, and thence into the stable, while some busied themselves in refreshing the messenger, and others in baiting his steed. In less than the specified time, he returned by another way, with a good cloak hanging over his arm, a good sword girded by his side, and leading his good horse caparisoned for the journey.

"Now," said Will, leaping into his saddle at a bound, "up and away. Upon your mettle, friend, and push on. Good night!"

He kissed his hand to the girl, nodded to his drowsy uncle, waved his cap to the rest, and off they flew pell-mell as if all the witches in England were in their horses' legs. They were out of sight in a minute.

The men who were left behind, shook their heads doubtfully, stroked their chins and then shook their heads again. The farrier said that certainly Will Marks was a good horseman, nobody should say he ever denied that, but he was rash, very rash, and there was no telling what the end of it might be—what did he go for, that was what he wanted to know? He wished the young fellow no harm, but why did he go? Every body echoed these words, and shook their heads again, having done which they wished John Podgers good night, and straggled home to bed.

The Kingston people were in their first sleep, when Will Marks and his conductor rode through the town and up to the door of a house where sundry grave functionaries were assembled, anxiously expecting the arrival of the renowned Podgers. They were a little disappointed to find a gay young man in his place, but they put the best face on the matter and gave him full instructions how he was to conceal himself behind the gibbet, and watch and listen to the witches, and how at a certain time he was to burst forth and cut and slash among them vigorously, so that the suspected parties might be found bleeding in their beds next day, and thoroughly confounded. They gave him a great quantity of wholesome advice besides, and—which was more to the purpose with Will—a good supper. All these things being done, and midnight nearly come, they sallied forth to show him the spot where he was to keep his dreary vigil.

The night was by this time dark and threatening. There was a rumbling of distant thunder, and a low sighing of wind among the trees, which was very dismal. The potentates of the town kept so uncommonly close to Will that they trod upon his toes, or stumbled against his ancles, or nearly tripped up his heels at every step he took, and besides these annoyances their teeth chattered so with fear that he seemed to be accompanied by a dirge of castanets.

At last they made a halt at the opening of a lonely, desolate space, and pointing at a black object at some distance, asked Will if he saw that, yonder.

"Yes," he replied. "What then?"

Informing him abruptly that it was the gibbet where he was to watch, they wished him good night in an extremely friendly manner, and ran back as fast as their feet would carry them.

Will walked boldly to the gibbet, and glancing upward when he got under it, saw—certainly with satisfaction—that it was empty, and that nothing dangled from the top but some iron chains, which swung mournfully to and fro as they were moved by the breeze. After a careful survey of every quarter, he determined to take his station with his face toward the town; both because that would place him with his back to the wind, and because if any trick or surprise were attempted, it would probably come from that direction in the first instance. Having taken these precautions, he wrapped his cloak around him so that it left the handle of his sword free, and ready to his hand, and leaning against the gallows-tree, with his cap not quite so much on one side as it had been before, took up his position for the night.

Second Chapter of Mr. Pickwick's Tale.

We left Will Marks leaning under the gibbet, with his face toward the town, scanning the distance with a keen eye which sought to pierce the darkness, and catch the earliest glimse of any person or persons that might approach toward him. But all was quiet, and, save the howling of the wind as it swept across the heath in gusts, and the creaking of the chains that dangled above his head, there was no sound to break the sullen stillness of the night. After half an hour or so, this monotony became more disconcerting to Will than the most furious uproar would have been, and he heartily wished for some one antagonist with whom he might have a fair stand-up fight, if it were only to warm himself.

Truth to tell, it was a bitter wind, and seemed to blow to the very heart of a man whose blood, heated but now with rapid riding, was the more sensitive to the chilling blast. Will was a daring fellow and cared not a jot for hard knock or sharp blades, but he could not persuade himself to move or walk about, having just that vague expectation of a sudden assault which made it a comfortable thing to have something at his back, even though that something were a gallows-tree. He had no great faith in the superstitions of the age, still such of them as occurred to him did not serve to lighten the time or render his situation the more endurable. He remembered how witches were said to repair at that ghostly hour to church-yards and gibbets, and such like dismal spots, to pluck the bleeding mandrake, or scrape the flesh from dead men's bones, as choice ingredients for their spells; how, stealing by night to lonely places, they dug graves with their finger-nails, or anointed themselves before riding in the air, with a delicate pomatum made of the fat of infants newly boiled. These, and many other fabled practices of a no less agreeable nature, and all having some reference to the circumstances in which he was placed, passed and repassed in quick succession through the mind of Will Marks, and adding a shadowy dread to that distrust and watchfulness which his situation inspired, rendered it upon the whole sufficiently uncomfortable. As he had foreseen, too, the rain began to descend heavily, and driving before the wind in a thick mist obscured even those few objects which the darkness of the night had before imperfectly revealed.

"Look!" shrieked a voice, "Great Heaven, it has fallen down and stands erect as if it lived!"

The speaker was close behind him—the voice was almost at his ear. Will threw off his cloak, drew his sword, and darting swiftly round, seized a woman by the wrist, who recoiling from him with a dreadful shriek, fell struggling upon her knees. Another woman clad, like her whom he had grasped, in mourning garments, stood rooted to the spot on which they were, gazing on his face with wild and glaring eyes that quite appalled him.

"Say," cried Will, when they had confronted each other thus, for sometime,—"what are ye?"

"Say what are you?" returned the woman, "who trouble even this obscene resting-place of the dead, and strip the gibbet of its honored burden? Where is the body?"

He looked in wonder and affright from the woman who had questioned him, to the other whose arm he clutched.

"Where is the body?" repeated his questioner, more firmly than before; "you wear no livery which marks you for the hireling of the government. You are no friend to us, or I should recognise you; for the friends of such as we are few in number. What are you then, and wherefore are you here?"

"I am no foe to the distressed and helpless," said Will. "Are ye among that number? ye should be by your looks."

"We are!" was the answer.

"It is ye who have been wailing and weeping here, under cover of the night?" said Will.

"It is," replied the woman, sternly, and pointing, as she spoke, toward her companion, "she mourns a husband and I a brother. Even the bloody law that wreaks its vengeance on the dead, does not make that a crime; and if it did 'twould be alike to us who are past its fear or favor."

Will glanced at the two females, and could barely discern that the one whom he addressed was much the elder, and that the other was young and of a slight figure. Both were deadly pale, their garments wet and torn, their hair dishevelled and streaming in the wind, themselves bowed down with grief and misery; their whole appearance most dejected, wretched, and forlorn. A sight so different from any he had expected to encounter touched him to the quick, and all idea of any thing but their pitiable condition, vanished before it.

"I am a rough, blunt yeoman," said Will; "why I came here is told in a word; you have been overheard at a distance in the silence of the night, and I have undertaken a watch for hags or spirits. I came here expecting an adventure, and prepared to go through with any. If there be aught that I can do to help or aid you, name it, and on the faith of a man who can be secret and trusty, I will stand by you to the death."

"How comes this gibbet to be empty?" asked the elder female.

"I swear to you," replied Will, "that I know as little as yourself. But this I know, that when I came here an hour ago, or so, it was as it is now; and if, as I gather from your question, it was not so last night, sure I am that it has been secretly disturbed without the knowledge of the folks in yonder town. Bethink you, therefore, whether you may have no friends in league with you, or with him on whom the law has done its worst, by whom these sad remains have been removed for burial."

The women spoke together, and Will retired a pace or two while they conversed apart. He could hear them sob and moan, and saw that they wrung their hands in fruitless agony. He could make out little that they said, but between whiles he gathered enough to assure him that his suggestion was not very wide of the mark, and that they not only suspected by whom the body had been removed, but also whither it had been conveyed. When they had been in conversation a long time, they turned toward him once more. This time the younger female spoke.

"You have offered us your help?"

"I have."

"And given a pledge that you are still willing to redeem?"

"Yes. So far as I may, keeping all plots and conspiracies at arm's length."

"Follow us, friend."

Will, whose self-possession was now quite restored, needed no second bidding, but with his drawn sword in his hand, and his cloak so muffled over his left arm as to serve for a kind of shield without offering any impediment to its free action, suffered them to lead the way. Through mud and mire and wind and rain, they walked in silence a full mile. At length they turned into a dark lane, where, suddenly starting out from beneath some trees where he had taken shelter, a man appeared having in his charge three saddled horses. One of these (his own apparently) in obedience to a whisper from the women, he consigned to Will, who seeing that they mounted, mounted also. Then without a word spoken they rode on together, leaving the attendant behind.

They made no halt nor slackened their pace until they arrived near Putney. At a large wooden house which stood apart from any other, they alighted, and giding their horses to one who was already waiting, passed in a side door, and so up some narrow creaking stairs into a small panelled chamber, where Will was left alone. He had not been here very long, when the door was softly opened, and there entered to him a cavalier whose face was concealed beneath a black mask.

Will stood upon his guard, and scrutinised this figure from head to foot. The form was that of a man pretty far advanced in life, but of a firm and stately carriage. His dress was of a rich and costly kind, but so soiled and disordered that it was scarcely to be recognised for one of those gorgeous suits which the expensive taste and fashion of the time prescribed for men of any rank or station. He was booted and spurred, and bore about him even as many tokens of the state of the roads as Will himself. All this he noted while the eyes behind the mask regarded him with equal attention. This survey over, the cavalier broke silence.

"Thou 'rt young and bold, and wouldst be richer than thou art?"

"The two first I am," returned Will. "The last I have scarcely thought of. But be it so. Say that I would be richer than I am; what then?"

"The way lies before thee now," replied the Mask.

"Show it me."

"First let me inform thee, that thou wert brought here to-night lest thou should too soon have told thy tale to those who placed thee on the watch."

"I thought as much when I followed," said Will. "But I am no blab, not I."

"Good," returned the Mask. "Now listen. He who was to have executed the enterprise of burying that body, which as thou hast suspected was taken down to-night, has left us in our need."

Will nodded, and thought within himself that if the Mask were to attempt to play any tricks, the first eyelet-hole on the left-hand side of his doublet, counting from the buttons up the front, would be a very good place in which to pink him neatly.

"Thou art here, and the emergency is desperate. I propose his task to thee. Convey the body (now confined in this house) by means that I shall show, to the church of Saint Dunstan, in London, to-morrow night, and thy service shall be richly paid. Thou 'rt about to ask whose corpse it is. Seek not to know. I warn thee, seek not to know. Felons hang in chains on every moor and heath. Believe, as others do, that this was one, and ask no farther. The murders of state policy, its victims or avengers, had best remain unknown to such as thee."

"The mystery of this service," said Will, "bespeaks its danger. What is the reward?"

"One hundred golden unities," replied the cavalier. "The danger to one who cannot be recognised as a friend of a fallen cause is not great, but there is some hazard to be run. Decide between that and the reward."

"What if I refuse?" said Will.

"Depart in peace, in God's name," returned the Mask in a melancholy tone, "and keep our secret: remembering that those who brought thee here were crushed and stricken women, and that those who bade thee go free could have had thy life with one word, and no man the wiser."

Men were readier to undertake desperate adventures in those times, than they are now. In this case the temptation was great, and the punishment even in case of detection was not likely to be very severe, as Will came of a loyal stock, and his uncle was in good repute, and a passable tale to account for his possession of the body and his ignorance of the identity, might be easily devised. The cavalier explained that a covered cart had been prepared for that purpose; that the time of departure could be arranged so that he should reach London Bridge, at dusk, and proceed through the City after the day had closed in; that people would be ready at his journey's end to place the coffin in a vault without a minute's delay; that officious inquirers in the streets would be easily repelled by the tale that he was carrying for interment the corpse of one who had died of the plague; and in short showed him every reason why he should succeed and none why he should fail. After a time they were joined by another gentleman, masked like the first, who added new arguments to those which had been already urged; the wretched wife too added her tears and prayers to their calmer representations; and in the end Will, moved by compassion and good-nature, by a love of the marvellous, by a mischievous anticipation of the terrors of the Kingston people, when he should be missing next day, and finally by the prospect of gain, took upon himself the task, and devoted all his energies to its successful execution.

The following night when it was quite dark, the hollow echoes of old London Bridge, responded to the rumbling of the cart which contained the ghastly load, the object of Will Marks's care.—Sufficiently disguised to attract no attention by his garb, Will walked at the horse's head, as unconcerned as a man could be who was sensible that he had now arrived at the most dangerous part of his undertaking, but full of boldness and confidence.

It was now eight o'clock. After nine, none could walk the streets without danger of their lives; and even at this hour, robberies and murder were of no uncommon occurrence. The shops upon the bridge were all closed; the low wooden arches thrown across the way were like so many black pits, in every one of which ill-favored fellows lurked in knots of three or four; some standing upright against the wall lying in wait, others skulking in gateways and thrusting out their uncombed heads and scowling eyes, others crossing and re-crossing and constantly jostling both horse and man to provoke a quarrel, others stealing away and summoning their companions in a low whistle. Once, even in that short passage, there was the noise of scuffling and the clash of swords behind him; but Will, who knew the city and its ways, kept straight on and scarcely turned his head.

The streets being unpaved, the rain of the night before had converted them into a perfect quagmire, which the splashing water-spouts from the gables, and the filth and offal cast from the different houses, swelled in no small degree.—These odious matters being left to putrefy in the close and heavy air, emitted an insupportable stench, to which every court and passage poured forth a contribution of its own. Many parts even of the main streets, with their projecting stories tottering overhead and nearly shutting out the sky, were more like huge chimneys than open ways. At the corners of some of these, great bon-fires were burning to prevent infection from the plague, of which it was rumored that some citizens had lately died; and few, who availing themselves of the light thus afforded, paused for a moment to look around them, would have been disposed to doubt the existence of the disease, or wonder at its dreadful visitations.

But it was not in such scenes as these, or even in the deep and miry road, that Will Marks found the chief obstacles to his progress. There were kites and ravens feeding in the streets (the only scavengers the city kept) who scented what he carried, followed the cart or fluttered on its top, and croaked their knowledge of its burden and their ravenous appetite for prey. There were distant fires, where the poor wood and plaster tenements wasted fiercely, and whither crowds made their way, clamoring eagerly for plunder, beating down all who came within their reach, and yelling like devils let loose. There were single-handed men flying from bands of ruffians, who pursued them with naked weapons, and hunted them savagely; there were drunken desperate robbers issuing from their dens and staggering through the open streets where no man dared molest them; there were vagabond servitors returning from the Bear Garden, where had been good sport that day, dragging after them their torn and bleeding dogs, or leaving them to die and rot upon the road. Nothing was abroad but cruelty, violence, and disorder.

Many were the interruptions which Will Marks encountered from these stragglers, and many the narrow escapes he made. Now some stout bully would take his seat upon the cart, insisting to be driven to his own home; and now two or three men would come down upon him together, and demand that on peril of his life he showed them what he had inside. Then a party of the city watch upon their rounds would draw across the road, and not satisfied with his tale, question him closely and revenge themselves by a little cuffing and hustling for maltreatment sustained at other hands that night. All these assailants had to be rebutted, some by fair words, some by foul, and some by blows. But Will Marks was not the man to be stopped or turned back now he had penetrated so far, and though he got on slowly, still he made his way down Fleet-street and reached the church at last.

As had been forewarned, all was in readiness. Directly he stopped, the coffin was removed by four men, who appeared so suddenly, that they seemed to have started from the earth. A fifth mounted the cart, and scarcely allowing Will time to snatch from it a little bundle containing such of his own clothes as he had thrown off on assuming his disguise, drove briskly away. Will never saw cart or man again.

He followed the body into the church, and it was well he lost no time in doing so, for the door was immediately closed. There was no light in the building save that which came from a couple of torches borne by two men, in cloaks, who stood upon the brink of a vault. Each supported a female figure, and all observed a profound silence.

By this dim and solemn glare, which made Will feel as though light itself were dead, and its tomb the dreary arches that frowned above, they placed the coffin in the vault, with uncovered heads and closed it up. One of the torch-bearers then turned to Will and stretched forth his hand in which was a purse of gold. Something told him directly that those were the same eyes he had seen beneath the mask.

"Take it," said the cavalier, in a low voice, "and be happy. Though these have been hasty obsequies, and no priest has blessed the work, there will not be the less peace with thee hereafter, for having laid his bones beside those of his little children. Keep thy own counsel, for thy sake no less than ours, and God be with thee!"

"The blessing of a widowed mother on thy head, good friend!" cried the younger lady through her tears, "the blessing of one who has now no hope or rest but in his grave!"

Will stood with the purse in his hand, and involuntarily made a gesture as though he would return it; for though a thoughtless fellow, he was of a frank and generous nature. But the two gentlemen extinguishing their torches, cautioned him to be gone, as their common safety would be endangered by a longer delay, and at the same time their retreating footsteps sounded through the church. He turned, therefore, to

word the point at which he had entered, and ending by a faint gleam in the distance that the end was again nearly open, grand ha! ha! ha! toward it, and so passed into the street.

Between the immediate precincts of Knapton had kept watch and ward all the previous night, feeling every now and then that these dismal shrieks were borne toward them on the wind, and frequently sranking to under other drawing sheets to the fire as they drank the health of the lonely sentinel, upon whom a clerical gentleman present was especially severe by reason of his levity and youthful folly. Two or three of the gravest in company, who were of a theological turn, proceeded to hold the question whether such a caricature was not just pretty armed for single combat with the devil, and whether he himself would not have been a stronger opponent; but the clerical gentleman, sharply reproving them for their presumption in discussing such questions, closely silenced that a fitter champion than Will could scarcely have been selected, not only for that he hog a cloth of Satan, he was the less likely to be alarmed by the appearance of his own father, but because Satan himself would be at his ease in such company, and would not scruple to kick up his heels to an extent which it was quite certain he would never venture when clothed in one, under whose influence (as was notorious) he became quite a tame and milk-and-water character.

But when next morning arrived and with it no Will Marks, and when a strong party repairing to the spot, as a strong party ventured to do in broad day, found Will gambling and the gibbet empty, matters grew serious indeed. The day passing away and no news arriving, and the night going on also without any intelligence, the alarm grew more intense than ever; in short the neighborhood worked itself up to such a comfortable pitch of mystery and horror, that it is a great question whether the general feeling was not on the whole a very disappointment when, on the second morning, Will Marks returned.

However that may be, back Will came in a very cool and collected state, and appeared not to trouble himself much about anybody except old John Pedgrift, who having been sent for sprang to the Town Hall, crying slowly and dealing between whiles. Having embraced his uncle, and warmed him at the fire, he seemed on a table and told his story to the crowd.

And surely they would have been the most unreasonable crowd that ever breathed if anything they had been in the least request disappointed with the tale he told them, for besides describing the Witches' Dance to the minutest motion of it, to legs, and performing it in character on the table with the assistance of a broomstick, he related how they had carried off the body in a pop per cauldron, and so bewildered him that he lost his senses until he found himself laying under a hedge at least ten miles off, on how he had straightway returned to their tree, which from story gained such universal applause that it soon afterward brought down express from London, the great which father of the age, the Baron been Hopkins, who having examined Will closely on several points, pronounced it the most extraordinary and most realized watch story ever known, under which title it was published at the Three Bibles, on London Bridge, in small quarto, with a view of the residence from an original drawing, and a portrait of the sheriff gentleman as he sat by the fire.

On one point, Will was particularly careful; and that was to describe, for the which he had seen, three impossible old females whose likeness he never were or will be. That he saved the lives of the suspected parties, and of all other old women who were dragged before him to be identified.

This circumstance occasioned John Podgers much uneasiness and notice, until happening one day to cast his eyes upon his house-keeper, and observing her to be plainly afflicted at this time, he pounced her to be burnt as an undoubted witch. For this service to the state, he was immediately knighted, and became from that time Sir John Podgers.

Will Marks never gained any clue to the mystery to which he had been an actor, nor did any investigation in which he often think necessary afterward, nor any of the limited inquiries that he had dared to make, yield him the least assistance. As he kept his own secret, he was compelled to spend the gold discretely and sparingly.

In course of time he married the young lady of whom I have already told you, whose maiden name is not recorded, with whom he led a prosperous and happy life. Years and years after this adventure, it was his wont to tell her upon a stormy night, that it was a great comfort to him to think that those bones, to whomsoever they might have once belonged, were not bleaching in the troubled air, but were mouldering away well the dust of their own kith and kindred in a quiet grave.

Further Particulars of Master Humphrey's Visitor.

Being very full of Mr. Pickwick's application, and highly pleased with the compliment he had paid me, it will be readily supposed that long before our next night of meeting, I communicated to my three friends, who unanimously voted me a chairman into our body. We all looked forward with some impatience to the occasion which would enroll him among us, but I am greatly mistaken if Jack Redburn and myself were not by many degrees the most impatient of the party.

At length the night came, and a few minutes after ten Mr. Pickwick's knock was heard at the street-door. He was shown into a lower room, and I directly took my crooked stick and went to contemplate him at ease, in order that he might be presented with all honor and formality.

"Mr. Pickwick," said I, on entering the room, "I am enjoined to say pon—enjoined to believe that this is not the opening of a long series of visits to that house, and but the beginning of a long and lasting friendship."

That gentleman made a suitable reply with a cordiality and frankness peculiarly his own, and glanced with a critical eye toward two persons behind the door, whom I had not at first observed, and whom I immediately recognised as Mr. Samuel Weller and his father.

It was a warm evening, but the elder Mr. Weller was armed, notwithstanding, in a most capacious great coat, and had his chin enveloped in a large speckled cravat, such as he usually wore by way of encouragement on active service. He looked very rosy and very stout, especially about the legs, which appeared to have been compressed into his topboots with some difficulty. He breathed hard, but he could under his left arm, and with the fore-finger of his right hand he touched his forehead a great many times, in acknowledgment of my presence.

"I am very glad to see you in such good hands, Mr. Weller," said I.

"Why, thankee sir," returned Mr. Weller, "the vale ain't much yet. We keeps up a steady pace—and two ounces last with a moderate degree of finishin—and the conscience is that we've a wall a vaunted and vacuous to the time, veg'lar. My son's sentiral air's as many as have read or no history," added Mr. Weller, illustrating that fact.

I returned Sam very graciously, but before he could say a word, his father struck in again.

"Samivel Weller, sir," said the old gentleman, "has conducted hisself upon the sekerest title to grandfather, vich shall long laid distinguish, and was o'passed to be nearly best-knit, in our family. Summut, reliable a anecdote o' von of them boys—I'll tell this assemble about young Tony, sayin' as he could smoke a pipe unbeknown to his mother."

"Be quiet, can't you?" said Sam. "I never see such a old magpie—never!"

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Mr. Pickwick laughed heartily, and so did I, as I replied decisively that "my housekeeper was a spinster."

"There" cried Sam, "now you're satisfied. You hear she's a spinster."

"I won't," said the old father, with deep scorn. "A spinster," replied Sam.

Mr. Weller looked very hard at his son for a minute or two, and then said,

"Never mind nother she makes jokes or not, that's no matter. Wot I say is, is that ere fit to make a widder, or is it not?"

"Wot do you mean by making jokes?" demanded Sam, quite aghast at the obscurity of his parent. "They will be her true behavior."

"Never you mind, Samivel," returned Mr. Weller, gravely. "I puts may be very good things that may be very bad 'uns, and a female may be none the better, nor the only be none the worse for making of 'em; that's got nothing to do with the matter."

"Vy, now," said Sam, looking round, "would anybody believe as a man at his time o' life could be a running his head again spinnets and pumpkins? It's incredible."

"There ain't a straw's difference between sun," said Mr. Weller. "Your father didn't dress it this here fashion, nor yet his father afore him, his own langridge as far as that goes, Sammy."

Avoiding the question of etymology, upon which the gentleman's remark was capable of going, he was several times assured that the housekeeper had never been married. He expressed great satisfaction at the fact, and apologized for the question, remarking that he had been greatly terrified by a widow not long before, and that his natural timidity was increased in consequence.

"It was on the trail," said Mr. Weller, with strong emphasis. "I was a goin' down to Bir-mingham by the rail, and I worked up in a slow carriage with a living widder. Alone we was; the widder and me was alone; and I begin to think I was only born to be alone and there vould stand him among us, but I am greatly mistaken if Jack Redburn and myself were not by many degrees the most impatient of the party.

At length the night came, and a few minutes after ten Mr. Pickwick's knock was heard at the street-door. He was shown into a lower room, and I directly took my crooked stick and went to contemplate him at ease, in order that he might be presented with all honor and formality.

"Mr. Pickwick," said I, on entering the room, "I am enjoined to say pon—enjoined to believe that this is not the opening of a long series of visits to that house, and but the beginning of a long and lasting friendship."

That gentleman made a suitable reply with a cordiality and frankness peculiarly his own, and glanced with a critical eye toward two persons behind the door, whom I had not at first observed, and whom I immediately recognised as Mr. Samuel Weller and his father.

It was a warm evening, but the elder Mr. Weller was armed, notwithstanding, in a most capacious great coat, and had his chin enveloped in a large speckled cravat, such as he usually wore by way of encouragement on active service. He looked very rosy and very stout, especially about the legs, which appeared to have been compressed into his topboots with some difficulty. He breathed hard, but he could under his left arm, and with the fore-finger of his right hand he touched his forehead a great many times, in acknowledgment of my presence.

"I am very glad to see you in such good hands, Mr. Weller," said I.

"Why, thankee sir," returned Mr. Weller, "the vale ain't much yet. We keeps up a steady pace—and two ounces last with a moderate degree of finishin—and the conscience is that we've a wall a vaunted and vacuous to the time, veg'lar. My son's sentiral air's as many as have read or no history," added Mr. Weller, illustrating that fact.

I returned Sam very graciously, but before he could say a word, his father struck in again.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $2.50 in advance for six months.

Communications post-paid or free, and letters addressed to us. The word "Free" of itself is not a frank.

Persons would please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Postmasters discontinuing any paper will please state the reason why it is sent. Any paper sent after the time paid for, is considered as having been ordered by the Publisher if advantages are due.

Bills on Solvent Banks at par received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person writing for a discontinuance of his paper, is considered as wishing to continue the subscription.

Any person may send ANY NUMBER of the Post office remittance, as trial as to which the paper is to be continued.

To Correspondents.

The Foreigner" is at the author's service, as by his note he seems to wish it again, in case we should not publish it. He must try agian. His versification is very good, but he lacks the "something" constituting poetry. Another time he may succeed better. "No forgotten den."

The Widow" shall appear next week. Such pieces we are always happy to insert, especially from one of our respondents.

Eliza, W. & H. are given out for insertion. The accidental omission to solve him noting our correspondents doubt that he is a subscriber.

Hesbeth" is on file for publication. Be also is "Half-hearted."

Bernice Margett" next week. They are excellent, in some parts beautiful. From such correspondents we are always glad to receive. Some pieces have been published before if they had not been wanted.

Bessie of Mount Vernon."

A Subscriber Hayden" has our thanks, although the enclosure was small—a dollar bill—it never came before we received his communication.

The Mother's Legacy" we have again perused. It would fill out a column and a half if we should publish it.

Dr. Eldridge.

We mentioned the arrest of this individual, at our city edition last week, on a charge of having forged the checks on various banks, whose discovery made a run upon the Girard banks since. The accused turns out to be an individual well known in our public circles. He has, it also appears, been for many years engaged in a series of fraud, being apparently like a man of easy fortune, while in fact drawing his support from the profits of his villainy. He engaged in several of his career, as it has come to light since his arrest, we condense from the New York Herald.

William M. Eldridge was born in the year 1804, in Westbury, Long Island, where he followed the profession of drugs, at a store in that city, when about 16 or 17 years old, and lasted until he was about 18 or 19. He left his employers and went to Philadelphia, where he got into the store of a Mr. Otis. Here Eldridge fell in love with a young lady named Miss Wade, to which the lady's friends not objecting, but before it arrived a discovery was made, which not only prevented the lady from becoming the wife of Eldridge, but also put her to an untimely grave. Eldridge was arrested for the robbery of Mr. Otis, and confessed it. The lady was then arrested and discharged. The theory of Eldridge favored her suspension. Eldridge was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year, but his sentence was commuted to confinement in the House of Refuge. Whether it was in prison, the lady to whom he was to be married, died, or whether she married, and was after Eldridge was sentenced to some merchant who was going to the South. He soon ran off, and was next heard of in Baltimore, where he lived and it Miss Carlton, in Philadelphia, and moved with her into the State of Ohio, where they lived nearly four years and had three children. From this wife he ran away, came to New York, and shortly afterwards left for Europe, where he stayed, it is said, for was a great favorite. In the month of August, 1834, Eldridge purporting to be drawn by Warner and Hoffman, for $6,000, was presented at the Girard Bank, and all attempt to raise the forged proof fruitless. It was finally suspected that the genuine Warner & Hoffman were a small draft which that firm had paid to Dr. Mott. On the 13th of September, 1834, an account was opened at the Merchants' Bank, in the name of Morgan and Drake. This account run until the 20th of November, when the person who usually made the deposits came in and drew out the whole sum for the whole balance was drawn out, and on the following day it was ascertained that part of the deposits consisted of forged checks on the banks of the city, which turned out to be forgeries.

Mr. Lockwood, cashier, and Mr. Hall, assistant of the three forged checks had been traced over three checks which had passed through the hands of Dr. Mott. Many more checks were found to be forged. Mott was arrested, but nothing positive was elicited.

On the same day that the firm of Morgan & Drake closed their account at the Merchants' Bank, a forged check was presented at the Girard Bank, for the sum of $999 25. The same day another man was said to the Merchants' Bank with a check for $2,000, purporting to be drawn by the firm of J. Hoffman & Co., which check failed and it was discovered to be a forgery.

In the months of June, 1835, seven persons opened accounts at the Lafayette Bank on the same day, to wit: J. Adams & Co. and on the same day another man opened a check of a similar kind, in the name of Wyeth & Co. Both these accounts run until the 13th of February following, when both firms disappeared from the city, and the accounts were overdrawn to the sum of $6,720.

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The rest is known. Besides money in his hand, there were found in the trunk full outfit of clothes for a voyage, and a set of jewellery intended as a wedding present to the lady whom he was to have married year ago.

Financial Record.

Bonars or Title.—Five dollar notes are in circulation, purporting to be of the Bank of the Valley, dated Winchester, payable at Lynchburg. Va. signed "for the President," Dan Gibson, "for the Cashier, John Wales. There are no such persons and no such genuine notes.

Take Care.—In St. Louis, $20 counterfeit notes were in circulation on the Northern Bank of Kentucky, dated Dec. 1, 1836, badly executed, and the impression very imperfect.

General News.

End of the Cannibal Story.—The crew of the Beaver were examined in New York on Saturday. Nothing new was elicited. The fellow who was put on shore was shown to be a wicked, blood-thirsty fellow, and the witnesses pretty bad characters. His House, the Judge, however said he should certainly send the case to a jury, but for one circumstance: the man's subsistence, and that was gone at the end of 1837, and by the 21st section of the act of 1790, it was provided that all such offences must be brought to trial within two years, or the party could not be convicted. He should therefore discharge the captain, and release his bail.

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The Law.—A law has passed both houses of the Legislature, the substance of which is this: that the person shall be a stock-broker without paying as a license as this county $200, when a commission shall be issued for one year. That no person shall be a dealer, or table of exchange and other obligations, except under similar conditions. If any other person exercise the occupation of an exchange or stock broker, for each offence to forfeit and pay not less than $100, nor more than $1000. Any one, by paying for the fees forwarded $100 or more, may purchase both occupations. No broker shall be directly or indirectly concerned in the purchase of bills to receive his first such offences must be brought to trial within two years, or the party could not be convicted. He should therefore discharge the captain, and release his bail.

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Fire in Rochester.—On Thursday last, 18th May, a fire broke out in Rochester, New York, in a frame house connected with the boat yard of Seth C. Jones and although the firemen were early on the ground they could not extinguish the flames. The house caught in the roof, and the materials, tools, and a new boat belonging to Mr. J. The loss is estimated at ten thousand dollars, three of which are insured.

Robbery.—A planter, named J.T. Easton, was robbed on the 10th inst., near Mobile, by a negro man named Jim, who, when he while men, threw a rope over him, and pulled him to the earth, and robbed him of $1,000 he had just obtained for a sale of his cotton. Jim was pursued by the sheriff of Adams and Stone—this may lead to the detection of the robbers.

The Exploding Steamboat.—It nailed from Sidney, New South Wales, Dec. 26, and was probably at New Zealand about April last whence it proceeded to the Society Islands, for the purpose of purchasing cotton in spining Columbia river. All the naturalists were left at Sydney with orders to join the squadron at New Zealand, and when it left for the Pacific.

Powder Earthquake.—The earthquake at St Louis turns out to have been the shock occasioned by the explosion of a powder mill, which was blown up two weeks since, and the following day it was ascertained that the whole sum had been stolen from the vault.

Lieut. Martin, on the morning of the 19th, with three men, was fired upon by Indians four miles from the post. He returned the fire, killed one man, and all the horses were killed—the other two missing. Lieut. Sanderson, with a party of seventeen men, was sent in pursuit, and fell in with the Indians and he and five of his men were killed.

On the 24th, an express from Wahahoora, reported that one thousand Indians were near. Col. Riley, with his command, has gone in pursuit.

Indian Murders.—It appears that there was a little band of Indians who have been for some time past in Long Island, and have committed several murders. Three other men were killed within 8 miles of St. Augustine, the same day, and all scalped. The Indians fled to the Everglades.

A young Deluge.—They have had quite a deluge at Augusta and Hamburg, Georgia, the river on the 19th inst. It rained from the 16th to the 19th almost the above, and set everything capable of floating in a state of motion. The inhabitants had to flee away on rafts and to buttresses, for by any means that was convenient, and while the goods from the warehouses cotton, &c. were submerged in all directions. The freshet was occasioned by unusual rains. It does not appear that any lives were lost, for which interposition of Providence we should be grateful.

Silver Fine Scales.—M. Dimmelmel, of Wurtzdorf states that according to his observations, the metallic matter of the scales has been found to be the same as the purest silver, and that till 1200th part of a grain of silver is contained in the scales of a carp. After that, no particles will be found. He says that the perch, bream, and fish scales will rise in the public estimation considerably. He thinks the poets will talk about the silver-coated carp, whose scales are valuable. Wonder if the fish don't deposit their scales in the mud in winter.

The Cannibal story a Hoaxer.—The story is turning out just as we predicted, all a hoax. The Captain is able to prove that at the man's request he was landed on one of the Pacific Islands, well supplied with provisions, &c. The fellow has been living at the expense of the Government.

Accident.—The lady of Hon. S. H. Sheldon, of Rochester, N. Y. was run down on the 21st inst by a horse attached to a chaise, and so severely injured as to cause wound on the upper part of the forehead, by one of which she has been. She will recover.

Fire in Mississippi.—The steamboat Fire Fly, from Natchez, on Friday for walking up to a child four years old, was burned to the water's edge, and the child, after little love entered one unlabelled state. Her baggage was that he was drunk.

Fire in Cincinnati.—On Sunday evening a store was run over by the cars of the Baltimore and Washington train at Gray's Ferry Bridge. His fast was that he was drunk that it or thought suspicious will be necessary.

Caught at Last.—Michael O'Brien, for whom a reward of $500 was offered by the Governor of Vermont, for the murder of Richard Freeman, in Montgomery county, on the 10th inst., was caught in New York, on Monday.

A sad story revived.—The story about the robbery of Mr Ladd in Iowa Territory, for having been murdered in the head and thrown down a deep precipice, pressed and arrested his relative, is an old affair revived. We published it weeks ago.

Boston Steam Packets.—Boston will soon have her European steam packets as well as New York.—Philadelphia is ever behind hand. The first steamer for the line will be launched from the yard of Messrs. Briggs and Cooper, and will leave for Liverpool on the 15th instant, and will be ready to receive freight and passengers on the 1st of June.

Marriage in Ann.—Samuel Houston, late of Texas, to the lovely Sam Jackson, was married lately to Miss Eliza Allen, daughter of Mathew Perry county, Alabama. They had a rousing wedding.

Can't be it.—R. W. Green, of Richmond, is accused of attempting to bribe the prosecuting attorney in the case of Mr. Wood, of $20000. to suffer matters in the trial to go easily with him.

Glorious or Free.—The U. S. Court for the District of Columbia has finally rendered its decision in the following words: "Slavery is contrary to the genius of the American Consul on the subject. This disparity continued to contemplation, but it resulted in nothing.

In the fall of 1837, it is found that Dr. Mott and his talented friend returned to this city, and in the following spring the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank suffered by the old trick of drawing out the whole sum and drawing to a large amount. A sum named Douglass of large, large amount had some other crime. was apprehended on that subject, but shortly denied all knowledge in the business. Mr. Lonsdale, and a friend, Rockwell, entered into $50,000 bail to secure his appearance on the subject of these mysteries, and when the second forgeries on the Philadelphia Banks came to light, the two gentlemen were bound over. What they could not fix the guilt on the proper persons.

They went to Philadelphia, and got a description of the person who had drawn these checks, and appeared at the unhanging man of the three firms. They then collected together the checks for the forged drafts, and had others, and on comparing them with the filling up and signatures of the checks, the hand of similarity was intelligible. The Doctor was then in custody, and the Bank Banks were then directed to trace out the residence of Dr. Eldridge. they found that he resided in Brooklyn in a small cottage, and that he went to and from the city in a boat opposite the Doctor's, and he saw if they could identify any person answering the description of the agents. They watched one day, and were then unsuccessful. That experiment satisfied them of his identity, and on the afternoon of the next day the opportunity of his coming out, to assist the Doctor, in a spare trunk, to pay a visit to a sick gentleman close by. The Doctor boarded, and they took the trunk to the office of an Alderman, as an adjourning street, and there the cause of his visit was explained to the astonished M. C.

The rest is known. Besides money in his hand, there were found in the trunk full outfit of clothes for a voyage, and a set of jewellery intended as a wedding present to the lady whom he was to have married year ago.

Steam taken up and down.

Steam Packets.—The Boston Steam Packet Company on the Columbia river have had all the appropriate preparations made for the line to start from Boston, Saturday, the 26th inst. and will be ready to receive freight and passengers on the 1st of June.

Take Care.—In St. Louis, $20 counterfeit notes were in circulation on the Northern Bank of Kentucky, dated Dec. 1, 1836, badly executed, and the impression very imperfect.

The Nature Tragedy.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 20th ult. says of Natchez:—"The work of clearing the streets and repairing buildings has commenced, and the inhabitants appear almost to have forgotten their losses; but it must be long ere Natchez shall again be upon herself. The ladies may be considered the most moderate and perhaps fairest estimate of the damage done by the tornado: loss of property $2,000,000; number of killed in the city, 48; number of wounded, 72; these is to be found; and from 275 to 300 persons have been drowned in the river." The storm though brief was so violent, that, the Pic. says—In some instances the very clothing was stripped from persons, and ladies' dresses were literally split into ribbons. One lady in particular, rushed into a house after the departure of the storm, divested of every thing but her corsets.

Latest from Texas.—From the New Orleans papers of the 26th, we glean news from Texas to the 16th inst.—General Canalizo and Colonel Carlsqui, of the Mexican Federal army, have arrived in Houston but report no late movements of their party.—There army on the frontier, numbers 800 Mexicans, independent of foreigners. The whole population of the Western States is ready to co-operate with them. The Centralists are about 3000 strong, stationed at Matamoras, Monterrey, and Laredo.

Gen. Cazneau's official report of the encounter with Arista on the Rio Grande estimates the number of killed, wounded, and missing on the side of the Federalists at 81, and on the other side at 600. Nothing else important.

A Sad End.—On Saturday morning, a man in the employ of the Messrs. Cope, at Darby, fell into a vat of lime which has been nearly doubled since the commencement of the last winter, exercise the most extraordinary energies on the first of July, 1840—at which time a new volume will be commenced with increasing vigour. Nothing need be said on the firm name on which Cooke's claim is based by already the oldest magazine on the country, and has maintained its popularity in the face of all opposition. It is to be found upon the centre table of therefore, making interior pretension, than Mason & George.

Type—Embellishments.

The contract is printed with a clear and beautiful type upon the finest wove paper, and the embellishments are not to be equaled by those of any periodical in the country. The volume is to open with the first of a series of splendid Mezzotint engravings prepared expressly for the work by the most eminent artists. The illustrations are not to be confined to any particular class of subjects, but will embrace the most attractive and interesting subjects—landscapes, historical, portraits of the eminent men of America, etc. etc. The embellishments are to be executed in many of the highest style of the art, and will be worthy of preservation in any collection

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Come, Play Me That Simple Strain Again.

A BALLAD—BY T. MOORE.

This ballad is completely Moorish, and reminds us very much of the talented author's early productions. The melody seems to be taken from a waltz. The words will be read with pleasure. They are:

"Come, play me that simple strain again,
I used so to love in life's young day,
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
Were waken'd by that sweet lay:
The tender gloom its strain
Shed o'er the heart and brow,
Grief's shadow without its pain,
Say where, where is it now?
But play me the well-known air once more,
For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain
Like dreams of some far fairy shore
We're never to see again.

Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright
That, shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd even its tears with light:
The new found life that came
With love's first echoed vow,
The fear, the bliss, the shame,
Say where, where are they now?
But still the same lov'd notes prolong,
For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,
In dreams of youth, and love, and song
To breathe life's hour away!"

THE QUACK AND THE BARRISTER.—Dr. Brodum, a notorious quack, was once under examination by Mr. Abraham Moore. "Your name is Brodum, I believe?" inquired the counsel. The doctor nodded assent. "Pray, how do you spell it—Bro-dum or Broad-hum?" On this there was a loud laugh in court, which was not diminished when the quack replied, with admirable self-possession, "Why, sure, as I be but a doctor, I spell my name Bro-dum; but if I were a *barrister*, I should spell it Broad-hum!"

SUDDEN ELEVATION.—I never blame a man who has risen unexpectedly in the world for having a good opinion of himself, for he is very often taken by surprise, and is naturally uplifted when he finds himself a greater character than he supposes he was. Such men remind me of the villages round London, which are gradually absorbed by the growth of the city; and then, forgetting they were once dirty little hamlets, take upon themselves airs as being a part of the metropolis.

PRAYER.—People sometimes find fault with what they call unreasonable or extravagant petitions, and we smile when we read that Lavater, when a boy, used to pray God to help him do his tasks, and Lichtenberg to write down questions, and expect an answer from heaven. But to the mind of the Almighty, a prayer for a world and a prayer for a crust of bread differ only in the vanity of the suppliant, for are not both alike to Him?

A BILL.—A characteristic anecdote is related of an out-at-elbows poet, who, by some freak of fortune, came into possession of a five dollar bill. He called to a lad, and said—"Johnny, my boy, take *William* and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling it *William*?" inquired the wondering lad. "Why, John," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it *Bill*."

STATESMEN.—Statesmen can never understand the difference between mechanical and organic action in governments. In the midst of the soft, tender peach is formed the hard kernel, and this is cloven not by force from without, but the gentle upward growth of the young shoot within; and in like manner does public opinion gently harden into a mass, which preserves the shoots of the future, and which cannot be broken.

HANGING.—Two Irish laborers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one said to the other, "Arrah, Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains?" "No, honey!" replied he, "no great difference; only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life."

ANOTHER.—It is natural that old age should be indifferent and forgetful. As the hour-glass of life runs out, the upper part becomes more and more empty, and the thoughts are fixed on the heap below, which is the grave. In advanced life, we live as it were under the pole, where no star rises and none sets, and the polar-star of the world to come shines steadfastly over our head.

A TITLE.—A countryman came to one of our hotels and wrote after his name, P. O. P. S. F. C. Here was a title—"Pray, my dear sir," asked a bystander, "what do those letters stand for?" "Stand for! why that's my title!" "Yes, sir, but what is your title?" "Why, Professor of Psalmody and Schoolmaster from Connecticut."

IMAGINATION.—Men of lively imagination reverse the old proverb, and to them two birds in the bush are worth a great deal more than one in the hand. And, after all, what are the few square yards of the present, compared to the boundless extent of the future, over which the imagination is sole ruler?

PLAIN DIRECTIONS.—"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him."

NEW VERSION.—A political paper out west gives a new version to a favorite verse:

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain
They are marching to deliver
The links of error's chain.

GOING A-COURTIN'.—"Daddy, I reckon as how I might go a courtin' now, bein' as how gooseberry pies is comin' in fashion, maint I?" "Yes, son, I reckon so." Well, if I don't go to see somebody's gal next Sunday, then saw my old hat in two."

WARPING BY RAILROAD.—"Which place did you travel from?" asked a wag of a crooked-backed gentleman. "I came *straight* from Wheeling," was the reply. "Did you so?" said the other, "then you have been shockingly *warped by the railroad*!"

WOMEN.—The female sex contains all kinds of poetry. A woman in love is a romance; an amazon, an epic; a reasoning woman, a didactic poem; a domestic one, an idyll; a lively woman, an epigram; a prim one, a sonnet; and so forth.

STAYING ON.—"Why didn't you jump off?" some one asked Pat, after he had narrowly escaped with his life from a horse which had run away with him. "Arrah, by Jabers, wasn't it as much as I could do to *stay on*?"

ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman bride,
And his first sleep became his last repose.

DAY AND NIGHT.—Day and night are an emblem of married people in high life. We cannot tell whether they are following or flying each other, but we never see them together.

A MR. DAY, in an Eastern paper, advertises the loss of his dog. We wish he may get him. "Every dog has his day"—and every Day ought to have his dog.

GOODNESS.—The union of goodness and beauty is like that of the vine with a fruit-tree, or the brilliancy of a jewel with its healing virtue.

DEAR FRIENDSHIP.—"Your friendship is very dear to me," as the merchant said, when he had to pay his endorsements for his neighbor.

PEDIGREES.—Pedigrees resemble the integral calculus of mathematicians, in which the computation is made by cyphers.

The Way Lawyers use Females.

I instituted an action for a large amount in the county of ——. The suit was brought upon a plain promissory note, which I was assured was founded upon good consideration, and I was curious to know what defence could be set up. I was aware I had to deal with a wily adversary; and when I offered my note in evidence, and closed my case, I was more terrified than surprised, when I heard him direct the sheriff to call Mrs. Mary Jackson. The witness appeared. To my horror, she was a perfect beauty, possessing a sweet countenance, with an exquisite form. I saw at once that my antagonist had formed the same judgment of human nature that I had, and that he was about to make the experiment of washing away the obligations of a note of hand by the tears of a female witness. I knew that nothing but a desperate effort would save my client, and that her testimony must be excluded before she had time to cry.

I rose at once.

"I perceive," said I, addressing the court, "that this lady bears the same name with the defendant, I therefore respectfully request that she be placed on the *voir dire*."

This was done.

"Will you be kind enough to say, madam, what relation you are to the defendant?"

"Sir," answered she, employing a beautifully embroidered handkerchief to her eyes, "I am his injured wife!"

"Then, of course, your honor, the lady's testimony is inadmissible."

"Oh, very well," interposed my adversary,—"you wish to keep the truth from the jury, do you? Gentlemen of the jury, you see what technicalities are resorted to, to procure a verdict against my client. I hope you will appreciate it, gentlemen."

By this time the lady was a beautiful representation of Rachel of old, and one glance at the jury was sufficient to convince me that my case was ruined. I turned to my client—"You are gone, my friend," said I. "Gone," said he, "gone! my dear sir, don't give up my case so easily. I shall be a beggar, if I lose this case; and then what will become of my wife and my poor daughters?"

"Oh, you have daughters, have you? Run and bring them my dear friend. If they mine, we must countermine. Bring them, one and all."

My client rushed out, and as he lived but next door, he almost instantly returned, with a half dozen of as pretty girls as could be found any where.—My antagonist's face fell to zero.

"May it please your honor," I began, "I desire to offer some rebutting testimony."

"Rebutting testimony, Mr. C——? why, your adversary has not been permitted to examine his witness. What have you to rebut?"

"A great deal, your honor. The witness *has* given some testimony. She called herself the *injured* wife of the defendant. Injured by whom? By my client. Injured how? By procuring this note, the subject matter of this suit, from him.—Now, sir, I wish to answer the *afflicted* daughters of the plaintiff against the *injured* wife of the defendant."

Here my fair witnesses commenced weeping bitterly, while several of the jury looked on with evident commiseration. My triumph was complete; but I determined to pay off my legal friend in his own coin.

"I do not seek, sir," continued I, "to take up the time of this court and jury by administering the oath to ALL these witnesses. I am afraid their heart-rending description of this nefarious transaction, (of which they knew not a syllable,) would unman us all; and your honor and this intelligent jury would be tempted to inflict summary justice upon the base wretch, who, with a heart like Caligula, and a spirit like Nero, could attempt to doom to a life of beggary, of shame, and perhaps of infamy, the beautiful offspring of my unhappy, my too credulous, too confiding client. Sir, in a spirit of liberal compromise, I will swear but *three* of them."

Here then ensued a low burst of anguish from the daughters, and a corresponding and prolonged excitement of the jury. My legal friend saw that I had somewhat out-generalled him, and so he said—

"C——, stop your nonsense, and take your verdict!"

Of course I did so; but to show my knowledge of *jury nature*, I add, that as the foreman passed me he said—

"I am rejoiced that you have gained your suit, but before you offered to swear those witnesses, your case was a *very dark one*."

Jewish Females.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Never, during my residence in the East, had I looked on any costume which equalled in richness, and, their head-dresses excepted, in elegance, the dress of these Jewish females. It was a scene of the Arabian Nights in action; and for a few moments I was lost in admiration. The mistress of the house stood immediately in front of the sofa on which we were seated: she was a tall, stately woman, who looked not as though she belonged to a bowed and rejected race: she had the eagle eye, the prominent nose, and the high pale forehead of her nation, with a glance as fiery as it was keen.

Such as I have described her, she was attired in a full dress of white silk, confined a little below the waist by a broad girdle of wrought gold, clasped with gems; both the girdle and the clasps being between five and six inches in width. Above this robe she wore a pelisse of dove-colored cachmere, lined and overlaid with the most costly sables, and worth several hundred pounds; the sleeves were large and loose, and fell back, to reveal the magnificent bracelets which encircled her arms, and the jewelled rings that flashed upon her fingers. Her turban, of the usual enormous size worn by all Jewish women, was formed of the painted muslin handkerchief of the country, but so covered with gems that its pattern was undistinguishable; while, from beneath it, a deep fringe of pearls, dropped with emeralds of immense size and value, fell over her brow, down each side of her face, and ultimately upon her shoulders.

Behind her were grouped her three daughters-in-law, in dresses nearly similar, save that, not being widows, they did not wear the heavy pelisse; and that the gold and pearl embroidered sleeves and bosoms of their silken robes were consequently visible. The prettiest woman of the party was her own and only daughter, who had been summoned from the house of her husband on the previous day, to welcome the return of her younger brother from Europe, where he had passed five years. She was nearly fourteen, with an expression half pensive and half playful; a something which seemed to indicate that her nature was too sad for smiles, and yet too gay for tears; as though the young bright spirit had been chilled and withered ere it had felt its freshness, and that it still struggled to free itself from the thrall.

Her dress was gorgeous; the costly garniture of gold and jewels, which almost made her boddice appear to be one mass of light, was continued to the knee of her tunic, where it parted to form a deep hem, that entirely surrounded the skirt of the garment. The jewelled fringe of her turban was supported on either temple by a large spray of brilliants, and fell upon a border of black floss silk, that rested on her fair young brow. Her arms were as white as snow, and seemed almost as dazzling as the gems which bound them; while her slender waist was compressed by a golden girdle similar in fashion, but richer in design, than that of her mother.

In their girlhood, the Jewish females take great pride in the adornment of their hair, but from the moment of their marriage it is scrupulously hidden; so scrupulously, indeed, that they wear a second handkerchief attached to the turban behind, which falls to the ground, in order to conceal the roots of the hair that the turban may fail to cover.

A sweet little girl of about nine years of age, the affianced wife of one of the brothers, was introduced, in order to show me the difference of head-dress; and assuredly her coiffure was a most elaborate affair. She must have worn, at least fifty braids, each secured at the end by a knot of pearls and ribbon; while her little chubby hands were literally covered with jewelled rings; and her feet, like those of the elder females, simply thrust into richly embroidered slippers.

The courtesy and hospitality of the whole family were extreme. They appeared delighted at the unusual circumstance of receiving Christians, who appreciated their kindly intentions; and when I promised, in compliance with their earnest request, that I would repeat my visit, I had no intention to fail in the pledge.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Lines.

BY M. HARDIN ANDREWS.

I saw that blush, I saw that blush,
Steal o'er her face so fair!
I knew the source, I knew the source
Of holy feeling there!

I told my love, I told my love—
It caused her cheeks to glow;
And sunset's warmth, and sunset's warmth
Came o'er her brow of snow!

She vowed her troth, she vowed her troth—
Was gentle, meek and true!
And hours of bliss, and hours of bliss
Away so swiftly flew!

But life's pure joys, but life's pure joys,
They do not long endure!
The spoiler came, the spoiler came,
And took the fair one pure!

And love's sweet bower, and love's sweet bower
Was made a place of hate!
The flower was crushed, the flower was crushed—
My heart is desolate!

Ladies' Department.

From the Philadelphia Casket, for June.

A Coquette's Kiss.

"Love is the mistress of us all."

"How smooth the surface of the river is this evening! Surely the current is gentle enough to tempt even the timid Mary to venture a sail," said I, half ironically. "Come, here is a boat, let us cross over and spend an hour with the Misses H——." "But it may be dark before we return, and then—" she hesitated. "Then we will return by the bridge," said I, "It is a delightful evening, and the last, too, that I shall spend in your pleasant village for the present, so let us enjoy it."

She made no reply, but placing her hand in mine permitted me to seat her in the boat. A few strokes of the oar and we gained the centre of the river. The dwelling of the Misses H—— was situated some distance below, and yielding ourselves to the current we floated slowly down.

Report had assigned to Mary W—— the unenviable reputation of a heartless coquette. The village gossips would recount her almost numberless conquests, especially among the students of the neighboring College. Many a fascinated undergraduate had thought more of her than of his studies, and received for his trouble a coquette's smiles and his tutor's frowns. Mary was indeed beautiful, and full of that graceful light-heartedness, which more even than beauty bewitches one, but which is so often, alas! found united with heartless coquetry. At first I was led to believe that what seemed the general opinion was true. But I soon thought otherwise. I could not but believe that a form so lovely enshrined a heart—a heart, too, susceptible of the purest and holiest passion that mortals know. My classmates, however, only smiled and shook their heads at what they called my infatuation.—But I had noted her actions for some time closely, and in a measure, unobserved. The more I saw the more was I convinced that Mary had yet to love, and that when she did it would be with a fervor of which few are capable. Meantime our slight acquaintance gradually became intimacy, and it was said by the village gossips that my name would soon be added to the catalogue of her victims. Thus the time passed by until the period for my departure had arrived, and on leaving my room on this last evening of my stay, I determined to know if she was the heartless being so generally considered, or if she was capable of loving and worthy to be loved.

For once her usual vivacity had deserted her, and our walk on this evening was, unlike the many which preceded it, almost a silent one.

"We return by the bridge, do we?" she inquired, as we left the Misses H——.

"If you prefer it. The distance is considerable, however: perhaps it will be too fatiguing?"

"Oh, no. I like a long walk sometimes."

A few vain attempts at conversation, and we again walked on in silence. We had nearly reached her house when she hesitatingly inquired—

"May I ask you a question?"

"Yes, two if you wish," I replied, somewhat piqued by her previous reserve.

"Who is Ellen C——?"

"A cousin of mine, and a pretty one too."

"You correspond with her?"

"Yes, and hope to see her soon.

She is a lovely creature, such an one
As poets love to dream of, artists paint."

We had now reached the grounds enclosing her father's residence. Instead of taking the path direct to the house, we had, unobserved by me, taken one leading to a small arbor, where we had frequently spent an hour in idle converse or in reading some favorite author. "I am fatigued; let us rest awhile," said Mary, as we reached it. We entered. I observed on the seat a volume of Tasso's Jerusalem which I had given her. I took it up. Her glove was lying between the leaves opening to a particular passage,—a favorite of mine. Apparently without noticing it, I referred to the pages which I had been reading during the day, and then spoke of some new publications which I had just received, offering to send them to her for perusal during my absence in vacation.

"But you will call again before you leave?"

"I think not. My uncle's carriage will arrive in the morning, and we shall leave as soon as the commencement is over."

"But you can call for a moment at least."

"Do you wish it?"

She looked up reproachfully. A tear stood trembling in her eye. My arm encircled her waist and gently drew her to me. Our lips met; the first long kiss of love was given, and her head sunk upon my bosom. We breathed no vow, but that moment has long been to me the holiest one in memory.

* * * * "I hear my wife's step approaching the library. "You are just in time Mary. Read this——. Have I sketched it correctly?"

"Yes—but—"

"But what?"

"You should not have written any thing about—about—"

"About what?"

"About that kiss?"

"Well, not again."

"Your promise?"

"Yes but that promise must be sealed or 'twill not be valid," and, gentle reader—my story is ended.

STOWE.

Dialogue in a Court of Justice.

The attorney in the case attempted to invalidate the testimony of the witness, by declaring him to be too ignorant to be a competent one; said he to the judge, I can convince your honor of the incompetency of the witness in a very few moments; he has been reared in the country, has never been out of sight of his father's barn, never saw a school house and your honor permitting, I will propound a few questions and upon his answers, your honor can decide.

The Judge assenting, he turned to the witness and asked—who made you?

Witness.—I don't know I reckon it was Moses.

Attorney.—There, your honor, to the satisfaction of yourself and the jury, I have proved the witness a *non compos mentis*, totally unqualified to decide upon the serious nature of his oath.

Witness.—Now, Mr Lawyer, may I ask you one question? I've answered yours.

Attorney.—A thousand, sir, a thousand, if you please.

Witness.—Who made you?

Attorney.—Why, I dont know, I reckon it was Aaron.

Witness (turning to the Jury)—Well now, I have read in the good book, that Aaron made a calf, but I don't know how the darn'd fool got here.

The Court was convulsed with laughter.

New Mode of Pickling Salmon.

"Capital salmon," said the captain; "where does Billet get it from? By the by talking of that, did you ever hear of the pickled salmon of Scotland?" We all replied in the affirmative.—"Oh, you don't take. Hang it, I don't mean dead pickled salmon, I mean live pickled salmon, swimming about in tanks, as merry as grigs and as hungry as rats." We all expressed our astonishment at this and declared we never heard of it before. "I thought not," said he, "for it has only lately been introduced into this country by a particular friend of mine, Dr. Mac——, I cannot just now remember his crooked jaw breaking Scotch name; he was a great chemist and geologist, and all that sort of thing—a clever fellow, I can tell you, though you may laugh. Well, this fellow, sir, took nature by the heels and capsized her, as we say. I have a strong idea that he had sold himself to Satan. Well, what does he do but he catches salmon and puts them into tanks and every day added more and more salt till the water was as thick as gruel, and the fish could hardly wag their tails in it, and then he began to dilute with vinegar till his pickle was complete. The fish did not half like it at first, but habit is every thing, and when he showed me his tank they were swimming about as merry as a shoal of dace; he fed them with fennel chopped small, and black pepper corns.—'Come, Doctor,' said I, 'I trust no man upon tick, if I don't taste I won't believe my own eyes, though I can believe my *tongue*.' (We looked at each other.) 'That you shall do in a minute,' said he; so he whipped one of them out with a landing net, and when I stuck my knife into him, the pickle ran out of his body like wine out of a claret bottle, and I ate at least two pounds of the rascal while he flapped his tale in my face. I never tasted such salmon as that. Worth your while to go to Scotland, if it's only for the sake of eating live pickled salmon. I'll give you a letter, any of you, to my friend. He'll be very glad to see you, and then you may convince yourselves. Take my word for it, if once you eat salmon that way, you'll never eat it any other."

Horse-Back Riding.

Graham, in his work entitled "Lectures on the Science of Human Life," has the following paragraph upon the value of exercise.

"The importance of exercise as the natural tonic of the body, is greatly overlooked and exceedingly neglected in the treatment of chronic diseases of every kind, and irritating and deleterious stimulants are employed to produce those effects in the system which can healthfully result only from proper exercise, and pure air. Dyspeptic, and other chronic invalids, ought never to hope for health by any means without exercise.

The beneficial effects of horse-back riding to those who are laboring under pulmonary consumption, are often truly astonishing. I have known invalids afflicted with this dreadful disease, when they were too feeble to mount the horse without help, by riding a short distance the first time, and gradually increasing the length of the ride daily, become able in the course of two weeks to ride twenty miles without stopping by the way, and feel more vigorous at the end of the journey, than at the beginning—and I have known instances in which such individuals have made journeys on horse-back of several hundred miles, and returned to their homes and friends, almost perfectly restored to health. Indeed I am entirely confident that if strict simplicity and propriety of diet, and riding on horse-back to the full extent of the patient's ability, will not cure pulmonary consumption, no earthly means can cure it—and I am very certain that most other means employed in modern times, whilst they may perhaps, seem to alleviate the symptoms really aggravate the disease, and hasten the patient to the grave."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

[illegible]

BY HENRY B. MOORE.

Standing on some immortal height
I love to view the enchanted Vale
Where flowers bloom with new delight
And streams are murmuring in the dale
'Tis there my raptured soul would stay
In that bright land, Far, Far Away.

There rivers with unbounded glee
Are wending through the shady grove
While nymphs so white, so fair, so free
[illegible] in those streams of love
'Tis there my soul would long to stay
In that bright land Far, Far Away.

I love to view the towering hills
That rise arrayed with verdure green
The [illegible] soul with rapture fills
While gazing on their loveliness [illegible]
'Tis there my spirit fain would stay
In that bright land Far, Far Away.

[illegible]

Philadelphia, May 12th 1840.

The Young Bride.

Observe that slow and solemn tread, when the young bride takes her wedded one by the arm, and, with downcast looks, and a heavy heart, turns her face from "sweet home," and all its associations, which have for years been growing, and brightening, and entwining so closely around the purest and tenderest feelings of the heart. How reluctant that step, as she moves toward the carriage; how eloquent those tears, which rush unbidden from their fountain!

She has just bid adieu to her *home*! she has given the parting hand—the parting kiss! With deep and struggling emotions she has pronounced the *farewell*! and oh, how fond, and yet mournful a spell this word breathes! and perhaps, 'tis the *last farewell* to father, mother, brother, sister!

Childhood and youth, the sweet morning of life, with its "charm of earliest birds," and earliest associations, have now passed. Now commences a new—a momentous period of existence! Of this she is well aware. She reads in living characters—*uncertainty*, assuming that where all was peace—where all was happiness—where home, sweet home, was all in all unto her. But these ties, these associations, the endearments she has yielded, one by one, and now she has broken them all asunder. She has turned her face from them all, and witness how she clings to the arm of him for whom all these have been exchanged!

See how she moves on; the world is before her, and a history to be written, whose pages are to be filled up with life's loveliest pencilings, or, perhaps, with incidents of eventful interest—of startling fearful record! Who can throw aside the veil, even of "threescore years and ten," for her, and record the happy and sun-bright incidents that shall arise in succession, to make joyous and fill her cup of life—that shall throw around those embellishments of the mind and heart, that which crowns the domestic circle with beauty and loveliness; that which sweetens social intercourse, and softens, improves, and elevates the condition of society? Or who, with firm and unwavering hand, can register the hours and days of affectionate and silent weeping—of midnight watching? Who pen the blighted hopes—the instances of unrequited love—the loneliness and sorrow of the confiding heart—the deep corroding cares of the mind, when neglected and forgotten, as it were, by him who is dearer to her than life—when all around is sere and desolate—when the garnered stores are wasted, and the wells dried up, and the flickering blaze upon the hearth wanes, and goes out! and leaves her in solitude, in silence, and in tears? But her affections wane not, slumber not, die not!

The brilliant skies may all shed down all their gladdening beauties; nature array herself in gay flowers, bright hopes—and friends, kind friends, may greet with laughing countenances and glad hearts, but all avail nought. One kind look,—one soft and affectionate accent, the unequivocal evidence of remaining love; one *smile* like that which wooed and won that heart, would enkindle brighter, and deeper, and lovelier emotions at its fountain, than heaven, with all its splendor, and earth, with all its beauties, and gay associations.

Oh! young man, ever be to the young bride what thou seemest now to be; disappoint her not! What has she not given up for thee? What sweet ties that bound heart to heart, hand to hand, and life to life, has she not broken off for thee? Prove thyself worthy of all she has sacrificed. Let it ever be her pleasure, as now, to cling with confiding joy and love to that arm. Let it be her stay, her support, and it shall be well repaid. Here is an enduring—an undying love!—Prosperity will strengthen it—adversity will brighten and invigorate it, and give to it additional lustre and loveliness!—Should the hand of disease fall upon thee, then wilt thou behold woman's love—woman's devotion! for then wilt never witness her spirits wax faint and drooping at thy couch!—When thine own are failing, she will cling to thee like a sweet vine, and diffuse around thy pillow those sweet influences and attractions that shall touch the master-springs and nobler passions of thy nature—that shall give new impulse to life! Her kind voice will be like music to thy failing heart—like oil to thy wounds! Yes! she will raise thee, restore thee, and make thee happy, if anything less than an angel's arm can do it!

Juvenile Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Geographical Enigma.

To the young Students in Geography

I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 13, 12, 5, 13 is a lake in North America;
My 10, 13, 8, 9, 12 is a town in Europe;
My 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 is a county in Arkansas,
My 1, 5, 6, 6, 13 is one of the United States;
My 1, 2, 3, 5, 1, 3, 4, 4, 8 is a town in Ohio
My 4, 11, 12, 5, 6 is a town in Italy;
My 13, 4, 9, 8 is a mountain in Sicily;
My 8, 5, 2, 12, 1, 4 is a mountain in Asia
My 2, 7, 8 is a town in Asia;
My 9, 11, 10, 3, 2 is a county in Africa;
My 10, 13, 14, 5, 7 is a town in Asia;
My 13, 11, 8, 9 is a town in Florida
My 2, 9, 14 is a cape in the United States;
My 7, 3, 13, 14, 9, 2 is a town in Austria;
My whole is the name of a distinguished person in the United States.

M. T. L.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

A Geographical Acrostical Enigma.

I am composed of twenty six letters. My 1, 12, 9, 19, 3, 13, 5, is one of the West India Islands; My 2, 9, 20, 21, 15, is a lake in North America; My 3, 12, 19, 24, is a river in Europe; My 4, 14, 20, 19, 5, 19, is an island South-east of Asia; My 5, 10, 4, 18, 21, 7, is the name of a county in Ohio; My 6, 24, 19, 10, 7, 18, 1, 12, 14, 10, is the name of a mountain in Europe; My 7, 3, 19, 10, 3, 12, 18, 6, is the name of a town in Brazil; My 8, 24, 6, 18, 2, 7, 18, 10, is the name of a county in Maine; My 9, 2, 6, 14, 22, 4, is the name of a town in Ireland, and noted as the first archbishopric; My 10, 3, 19, 1, 20, 18, 2, 7, a town in Africa, noted for being the residence of the European consuls; My 11, 2, 9, 22, 11, 3, 15, a river in South America; My 12, 3, 19, 22, 24, 24, 19, a town in Farther India; My 13, 24, 17, 18, 2, a port of England; My 14, 6, 20, 18, 19, 7, a town in France noted for a treaty of peace; 15, 18, 19, 18, 7, 15, 20, a river in Asia; My 16, 23, 7, 24, 6, a town in England noted for being a watering-place; My 17, 14, 2, 19, 5, a town in European Turkey, noted for its recent seige by the Russians; My 18, 10, 24, 19, a college in England; My 19, 3, 17, 9, 2, 20, 19, 24, a town in the south of Europe, noted for a great naval battle; My 20, 13, 5, a Mount on an island in the Mediterranean; My 21, 20, 7, 6, 18, 25, a town in France noted for its amphitheatre; My 22, 24, 2, 18, 18, an island west of Africa; My 23, 9, 2, 23, 6, 18, a lake in South America; My 24, 2, 14, 10, a town in the North of Africa, noted as being a place of strength; My 25, 9, 2, 14, 10, 24, 22, 3, a town in New York, noted for a great surrender in the Revolutionary war; My 26, 24, 2, 19, 18, 3, a river in Europe; And my whole is the name of a periodical.

VIOLA.

An answer to the above is requested.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I hereby forward the answer to the enigma contained in last Saturday's Post.

A county in N. York, Genesee; Missionary station in Georgia, Etowee; City in Louisiana, New Orleans; Town in Penn. Easton; City in N. C. Raleigh; Town in Georgia, Athens; County in N. Y. Lewis; City in Maryland, Georgetown; Town in N. Y. Owego; Town in Ohio, Eaton; Town in N. Y. Genesee; Town in Md. Easton; Town in N. Y. Waterloo; Town in Penn. Athens; Mountain in Kentucky, Sterling; County in Indiana, Harrison; County in Tennessee, Roane; County in N. Y. Niagara; County in Penn. Green; County in N. Y. Tioga; County in N. Y. Oswego; Town in N. York, Newton.

The foregoing, if arranged properly, will compose the name of

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

STEPHANIE.

From Pictures of Early Life.

A Day's Pleasure.

BY MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.
CONCLUSION.

Mrs. Ellison lived in a large and elegant mansion, a few miles from Brooklyn. A garden, beautifully laid out, and adorned with vases and statues; a pond of goldfish; and an extensive aviary, surrounded the house. Mary had often heard her mother describe its beauties, and as she passed along the winding carriage-drive which encircled the lawn, her raptures were unbounded. But when she entered the house, she almost fancied herself in a scene of enchantment, and she unconsciously began to think of the palace raised by Aladdin's lamp. Windows opening down to the floor, through which the light came softened by the silken curtains; carpets, which seemed, to her eye, like rich bouquets dropped upon white velvet; mirrors, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, and reflecting the gilded furniture in all directions; and costly vases of rare flowers filling the spacious apartments with perfumes, were the most striking objects that met her eye. Mrs. Ellison had been the friend of Mrs. Herbert in the days of her girlhood, and the affection of early years had still been cherished between them, though their courses through life had been so different, that they rarely exchanged visits. Mrs. Ellison had married a man whose wealth increased almost daily; while her friend, left a widow at an early age, could command the *comforts*, but very few of the *luxuries*, of life. Mary had never before seen such a display of wealth; and a feeling almost of awe took possession of her.—As she cast a timid glance on all the means of luxury which filled the house, she could not help thinking how happy she should be, to live always in such a beautiful place, and she almost envied the possessors of so much splendor. She began to feel extremely uncomfortable, and was quite glad to welcome the approach of Mrs. Ellison's children. But she was not much relieved by their presence. Sarah and Elizabeth Ellison had been brought up, from infancy, by a Swiss nurse, and they were now completing their education, under the charge of a French governess. Their dress, their manners, their very accent, was foreign, and they were all most unlike what she had expected of American children. Great pains had been taken to render them, what are termed, in reality, perfect miniatures of women of fashion. Approaching Mary, with the most elaborate courtesy, they proffered her every civility, and, with a profusion of compliments, escorted her to an upper apartment to "*make her toilet*." Poor Mary had never before heard such an expression applied to herself. She knew she had nothing to do but to take off her hat and smooth her dishevelled hair; but when she placed herself before a full length dressing-glass, which reflected her own figure along with those of her fashionable little friends. Their silk dresses, and embroidered pantalettes, seemed quite disgraced by her neat muslin dress and plain apron; and she wished herself home again. The little girls seemed somewhat surprised, to find that Mary's travelling dress, as they called it, was also designed to be her dinner dress; and, not thinking that she was almost as good a French scholar as themselves, they expressed their contempt in very plain terms, though veiled, as they thought, in a language she could not understand. Mary's cheek burned, and her eye lighted up with anger, as she listened to their impertinence. She was about to make them acquainted with the error they had committed in their opinion of her ignorance, when, unaware of her perfect knowledge of their real sentiments, they addressed her with the utmost politeness, and in the most graceful manner led her to the drawing-room.

Here, Mary found a marble table covered with annuals and prints; but all so costly and magnificent, that she feared to touch them. She asked the young ladies for their books; and immediately a quantity of richly bound volumes, containing Conversations on Botany, Dialogues on Political Economy, Elements of Geology, Diversions in Chemistry, etc. were put into her hands. Mary had been carefully instructed by her mother in all those branches, which a child of twelve years of age might be supposed capable of advantageously acquiring; but her new friends, although of equal age, had been subjected to the hotbed process of a more fashionable education, and a smattering of every kind of knowledge had been made to serve the purposes of more useful information. Mary was abashed at her own inferiority; and after an ineffectual attempt to understand their philosophical books, relinquished all hope of deriving amusement from their library.

They next introduced Mary to their playroom, or rather museum of curiosities. She now expected to realize all her anticipations, and longed to have the pleasure of dressing and undressing the fine large jointed dolls, she saw around the room. But she soon found her mistake; their toys were all designed to illustrate some purpose of education. The wax dolls had all been dressed in Paris, in order to display the costumes of the various nations on the globe; but it would be quite out of the question to disarray the Russian lady of her furs, or the Turkish dame of her silver tissue. They were to be looked at, through the glass shades which covered them, but not to be touched. The more complicated toys, the dancing figures, the groups of animals, and such things, were all made upon some philosophical principle, and were intended to explain certain facts in mechanics, hydraulics, mathematics, or natural philosophy; so that Mary dared not pull a wire, lest she should overturn some important scientific truth. The young ladies were delighted to perceive that she was completely awe-struck, and, while they scrupulously observed the duties of politeness, they took every opportunity of expressing to each other their contemptuous opinion of their visiter.

Wearied of this restraint, Mary at length ventured to propose a walk in the garden. After much discussion between the sisters, as to the propriety of visiting the garden beneath the morning sun, the subject was referred to the decision of their governess, and, as it had been the desire of their guest, they were permitted to go. A large straw bonnet, a thick green veil, kid gloves, and a parasol, were, however, deemed indispensable to protect their complexions from the heat. Mary was ashamed to run out according to her usual manner, with her curling locks blowing about in the wind, so, following the example of the ladies, she tied on her hat and they sallied out.

[To be Continued.]

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

To May.

Thou'rt come again, sweet smiling May
We hail thy sunny morn
For every thing looks fresh and gay,
And lovely springs the corn
Fair nature now her freshness yields
Sweet pleasure fills the grove
May beauty clothes the verdant fields
And every voice is love.

Thy praise the little warblers sing
That chaunt among the bowers
While daisies from the meadow spring
And blooming are the flowers
Oh charming May, 'tis thy smile
The little children hail
And wander out devoid of guile
Along the flowery vale.

There's beauty in thy gladsome eye
And sparkles on the brook
Thy smile is in the sunny sky
And sweetness in its look
My heart now seems on fancy's wing
Far o'er the sea to roam
To hail among my friends the spring
Around my native home.

To me upon the deep, blue wave
Along its surface driven
[illegible]
[illegible]
Then welcome smiling, tranquil May
With changing blushes red
[illegible]
Thy influence is shed.

How happy would this dark world seem
Could there for ever reign
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
That sweep the [illegible]

C. M.

A MISTAKE TURNED TO ACCOUNT.—I was once dining in company with some old members of Parliament, now dead, who related a number of anecdotes, of which I recollect only this:—Mr. Pitt, once speaking in the House of Commons in the early part of his career, of the glorious war which preceded the disastrous one in which we lost the colonies, called it "the last war." He took no notice, and soon after repeating the mistake, he was interrupted by a general cry of "The last war but one! the last war but one!" "I mean, sir," said Mr. Pitt, turning to the Speaker, and raising his sonorous voice, "I mean, sir, the last war that Britons would wish to remember!" whereupon the cry was instantaneously changed into an universal cheer, long and loud.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten!

Farmers' Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Does Wheat Rye, &c. turn into Cheat?

Believing the question of wheat and similar grains under particular circumstances turning into cheat, to be an unsettled one, I offer for publication, if thought of sufficient interest, the following facts as calculated to throw light on the subject:

About the end of the sixth month (June) I ploughed in a heavy crop of oats, and in a few days after sowed the ground with white chaff mildewed wheat; a large proportion of it very inferior, with a view to its being ploughed in, previous to sowing winter grain at the usual time. It came up well, but dwindled greatly during the eighth month, (August,) perhaps one half of it died; it was then turned in, except one land which being farther than the rest was left standing—*more than nine-tenths* of that land is now *cheat*. It may be seen from now until harvest on the Springfield road, one quarter of a mile from the four mile stone, on the West Chester road, Upper Darby Township, Delaware county. No cheat was sown on the land.

Philada. 5th mo. 27th, 1840. JAS. SELLERS.

TO THE AGENT, No. 19 North Eighth Street: Dear Sir:—There is not one medicine which has so small an introduction into the public prints in proportion to its virtues, as that of DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY. I have scarcely ever observed it to occupy a good position in the papers more than once or twice, and that in a very brief manner, just sufficient to let the people know that there was such an article. Whilst other medicines much inferior in virtue, embrace "whole columns" are puffed and blown to "the skies," and "certificates of persons repeated again and again," even long after they have been layed in their silent tombs, perhaps ever to be forgotten, if not blazed forth in public prints as being cured of maladies of which they have long been dead.

And the reason is asked under these circumstances, why the demand is so great for the COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, the answer must be obvious that its virtues tell wherever it goes, and those who have once taken it, are glad to communicate such intelligence to their kindred sufferers. This from one who has suffered much, and has been relieved by the above medicine.

Yours, with respect, L. W.

Office for the sale of this medicine is at 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! You who have "Little Children" suffering from the effects of Teething, let not another day or night pass without procuring DR. PARIS' CELEBRATED SOOTHING SYRUP, which gives immediate relief to those "little ones" that suffer almost incessantly at this period. A child thus affected is observed to be restless, fretful and peevish, sleeps but little, and is often seized with sudden fits of screaming and crying, thrusts its fingers into its mouth, thereby seeming to obtain relief. Thousands of "LITTLE CHILDREN" have been saved from that fatal ravager, CONVULSIONS, by the timely use of the above invaluable Medicine.

Be careful and purchase only at the MEDICAL OFFICE, No. 19 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, and of respective agents.

☞ All GENUINE has the signature of DR. PARIS blown in the bottles, and the labels and envelope contain an "entry according to the Act of Congress." Price 50 cents.

COLDS & CONSUMPTION.—Dr. Swayne's COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY is found by the afflicted generally to be the best article that has yet been discovered for removing the seat of those diseases. This Syrup gives immediate relief, causes the phlegm to rise free and easy, at the same time giving strength to the system. For sale at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street.

COLDS! COLDS!! COLDS!!—As this is the season for these unpleasant visitors, and as a slight cough frequently terminates in a severe consumption, the public should not forget DR. SWAYNE'S SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, which is a sure antidote for either. I have tried it myself, and I know it. I can say, with a good conscience, there is no mistake in this popular compound. Go, if you have a cold, to 19 North Eight Street, and try it.—Genius.

DYSPEPSIA, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Side, Loss of Appetite, Palpitation of the Heart, Costiveness, Nervous Affections, and all Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels, in those diseases DR. HARLICH'S Compound Strengthening Tonic and Aperient German Pills will afford positive relief. Thousands have already testified to this fact. This invaluable Preparation consists of two "distinct" kinds which are enveloped in "small packages" with full directions for using. Their effects upon the System is entirely different from that which many of the Medicines that appear in the public prints produce, and are as follows:—

First to cleanse the Blood, Stomach and Intestines from excrementitious matter (which always subjects the system to disease) by the use of a few doses of APERIENT PILLS. After this is accomplished, the COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC PILLS are used to Strengthen and Invigorate the Nervous System, give tone to the Stomach and Organs of Digestion, thus renewing and reanimating the System again to its proper functions.

Principal Office for the United States is at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, where the Medicine can always be obtained.

HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.—Those who are afflicted and desire to attain this most important blessing, should not tamper their disease with nostrums which are entirely ruinous to their health and constitutions. Many, at the first attack, resort to *Drastic Purgatives* and continue in the use of them until the stomach and bowels become inactive, in which state the doses must be doubly increased before the object is attained. Patients must certainly be aware that, by increased and repeated doses of such medicine, their health must eventually be ruined and their bowels left in a miserable state. *Purgation* is absolutely necessary in many diseases, but not more than is sufficient to unload the contents of the stomach and bowels, and that by *Aperients*. It is highly important for patients to consider this, and be careful, as their health is all "all in all." Many, however, fancy that they cannot be cured unless they purge the body until it becomes "refined." This is a mistaken idea, and many shorten their days from the results; in proof of this, let us behold certain persons around us, whose countenances and frail trembling limbs denote purgation to their sorrow.

HARLICH'S COMPOUND STRENGTHENING TONIC AND APERIENT GERMAN PILLS are a safe and effectual medicine, not intended to "*purify men to ghosts*," and make them too refined to remain long in this world, but they assist nature kindly, without injuring or debilitating the tenderest organs. The *Aperient Pills* are used ONLY in such doses as will cause a gentle evacuation of the bowels at the same time the *Strengthening Tonic Pills* are to be used as per direction, and their tendency is to strengthen and invigorate the nervous system, give tone to the stomach and digestive organs, remove disorders in the head, obviate costiveness, relieve pain in the side, restore the lost appetite, give tranquil repose to the restless, &c. &c. Full descriptions of the diseases named, the manner of using, &c. defined in a Pamphlet which accompanies the medicine.

☞ PRINCIPAL OFFICE, for the United States, is at No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia, where all orders for Medicine must be directed.

HÆMOPTYSIS OR SPITTING OF BLOOD.—These are generally preceded from oppression and weight of the stomach. A dry tickling Cough, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, &c. The bowels are mostly irregular, tongue foul, fever and restless nights, with spells of distressing cough and difficult expectoration. Sometimes the blood that is thrown up is thin, and of a florid red color, at other times thick and of a dark or blackish color, nothing, however, can be inferred from this circumstance, but that the blood has lain a longer or shorter time in the breast before being discharged. The above symptoms are frequently attended with chillings, sallow complexion, cold extremities, followed with flushes of heat and redness of the cheeks. Headache, quick and extremely hard pulse, Palpitation of the heart, suffocating feeling in the chest, sense of rawness of the throat, saltish taste in the mouth. After these symptoms there is a feeling of warmth in the breast, and a slight hawk or cough may cause a considerable discharge of blood. Now let all those who may have felt these symptoms or any indication of them, always have by them a few bottles of DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, which acts as a preventive against these dangerous attacks, or a certain cure when they have occurred. There is no Medicine which stands "so high," or has attained such popularity for the cure of Breast and Lung complaints, as THE COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

The above medicine can always be obtained at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 19 North EIGHTH Street, Philadelphia; and respective agents throughout the United States.

Also for sale at the Book Store of Mrs Parker, Beach street, Kensington; J. Davis, 449 Market Street; George Getz, Reading; J. Lefer, Lancaster, and by agents generally throughout the United States. my 9—3m

WHOOPING COUGH AND CROUP.—TO PARENTS.—JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT is without exception the most valuable preparation in use for the above diseases. It converts Whooping Cough into a mild and tractable disease, shortens its duration more than one half and produces a certain and speedy recovery. From half to one tea-spoonful will certainly cure CROUP in infants and young children, in half an hour [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the American Institute, of New York, and from the FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, of Philadelphia, at their last Exhibitions, the HIGHEST PREMIUMS for the BEST MINERAL INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

CERTIFICATES from gentlemen of the highest standing in the profession, attesting their superiority, may be seen at his office, No. 160 Vine street, Philadelphia.

SAMUEL W. STOCKTON.

jan 23—ly MANUFACTURER OF INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

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nov 1 '39—tf R. & W. WILSON.

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